

# MODERN

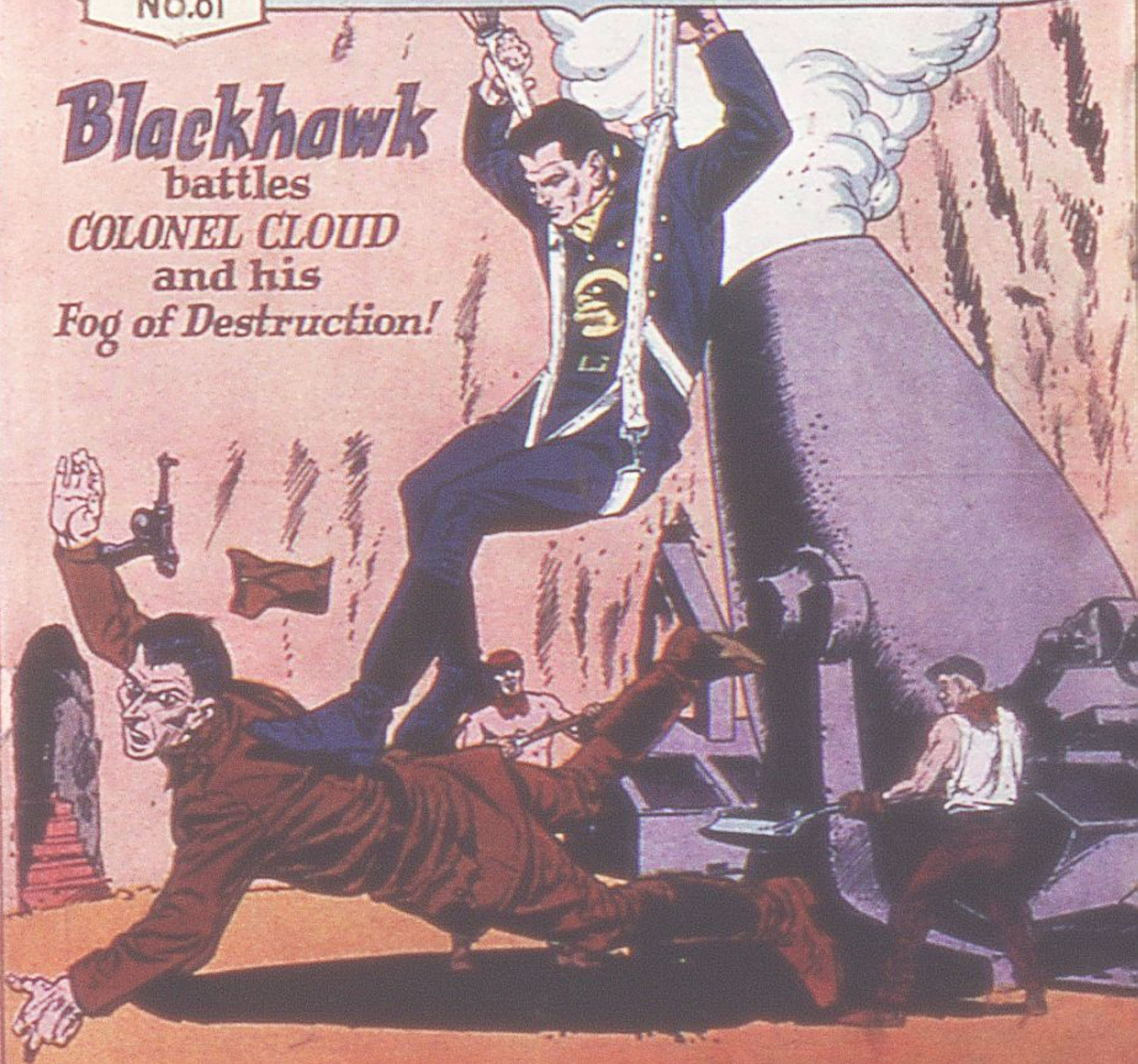
STILL 52 PAGES

JANUARY  
No.81

# COMICS

10¢

**Blackhawk**  
battles  
**COLONEL CLOUD**  
and his  
*Fog of Destruction!*

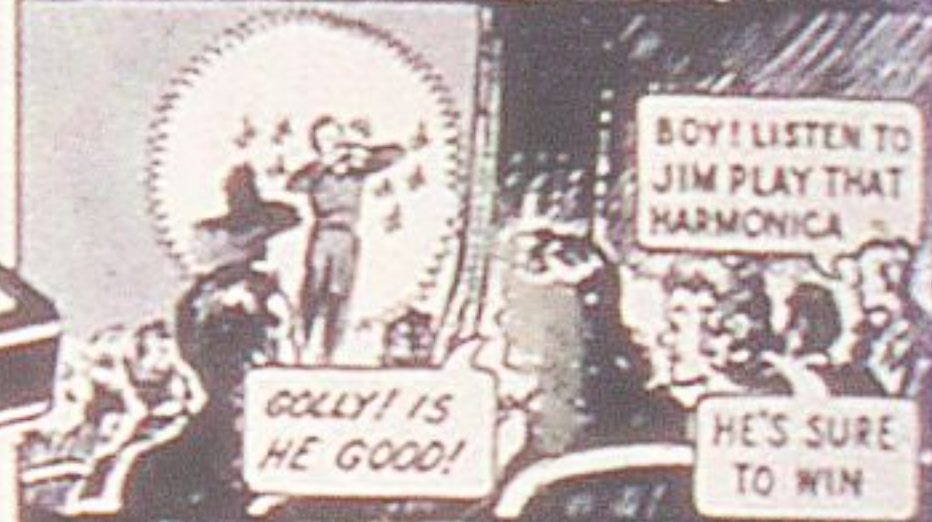






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# BLACKHAWK



**Freedom!** Everywhere men long for it... and other men try to fight it!

Colonel Cloud diabolically twisted a great invention into a weapon to subjugate a peace-loving people of a free country... But he reckoned without **BLACKHAWK** and his fighting companions!

*The Blackhawks put an end to Colonel Cloud and his tyrannical ambitions in short order... and turned his weapon of oppression into a means to prevent hunger and want!*



Deep in the valleys of the tiny Leuchtenberg Republic, springs new hope in a strife-weary people.

LOOK, JAN! OUR FIELDS WILL SOON BE GREEN AGAIN!

YES, PETER, IF THE WEATHER HOLDS, WE WILL SEE AN END TO FAMINE AND POVERTY!



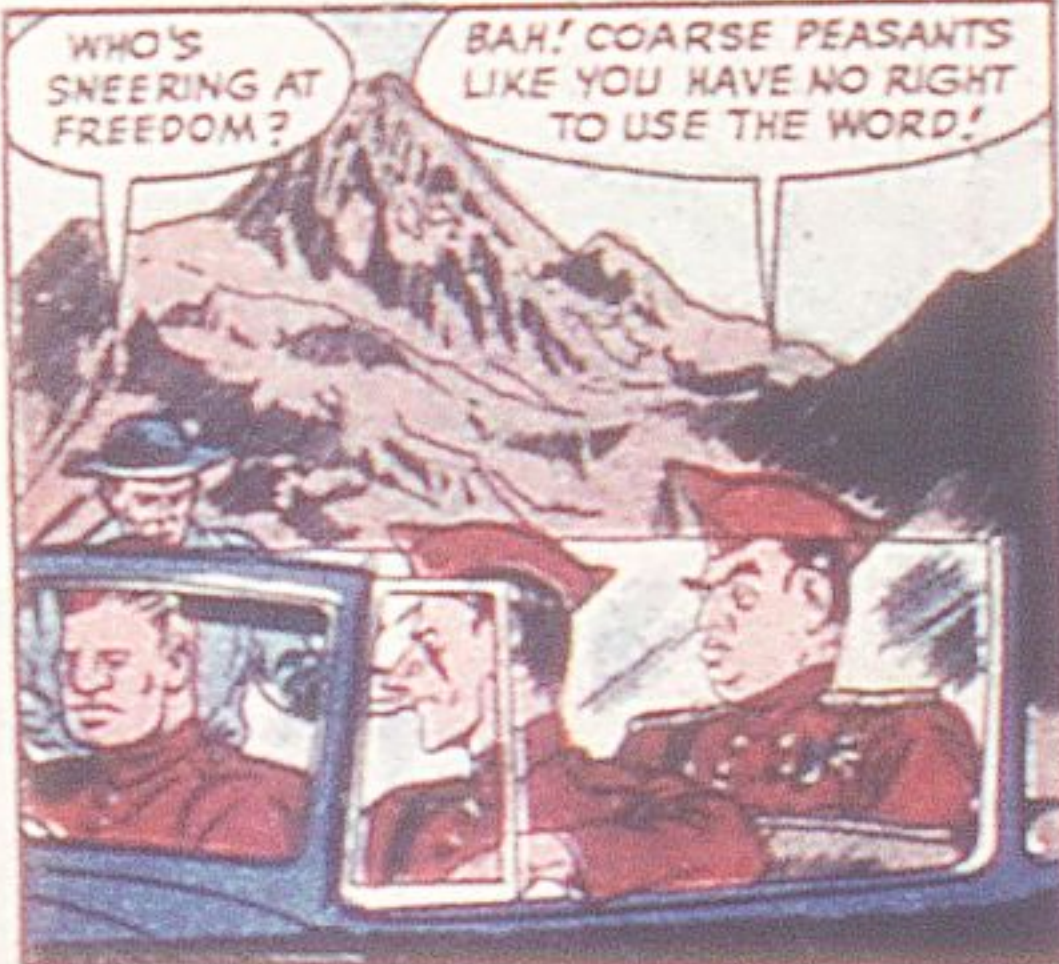
THE FARMERS OF LEUCHTENBERG ARE KEEPING AN ANXIOUS EYE ON THE WEATHER, JAN! NOT ONLY OUR FOOD, BUT OUR FREEDOM MAY DEPEND ON THE HARVEST!

LISTEN TO THAT OAF BABELING ABOUT FREEDOM!



WHO'S SNEERING AT FREEDOM?

BAH! COARSE PEASANTS LIKE YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO USE THE WORD!



THE ONLY THING IGNORANT BRUTES LIKE YOU UNDERSTAND IS DISCIPLINE AND REGIMENTATION! I'LL SHOW YOU ALL BEFORE LONG!

THE ONLY THING A MAN LIKE YOU UNDERSTANDS IS...



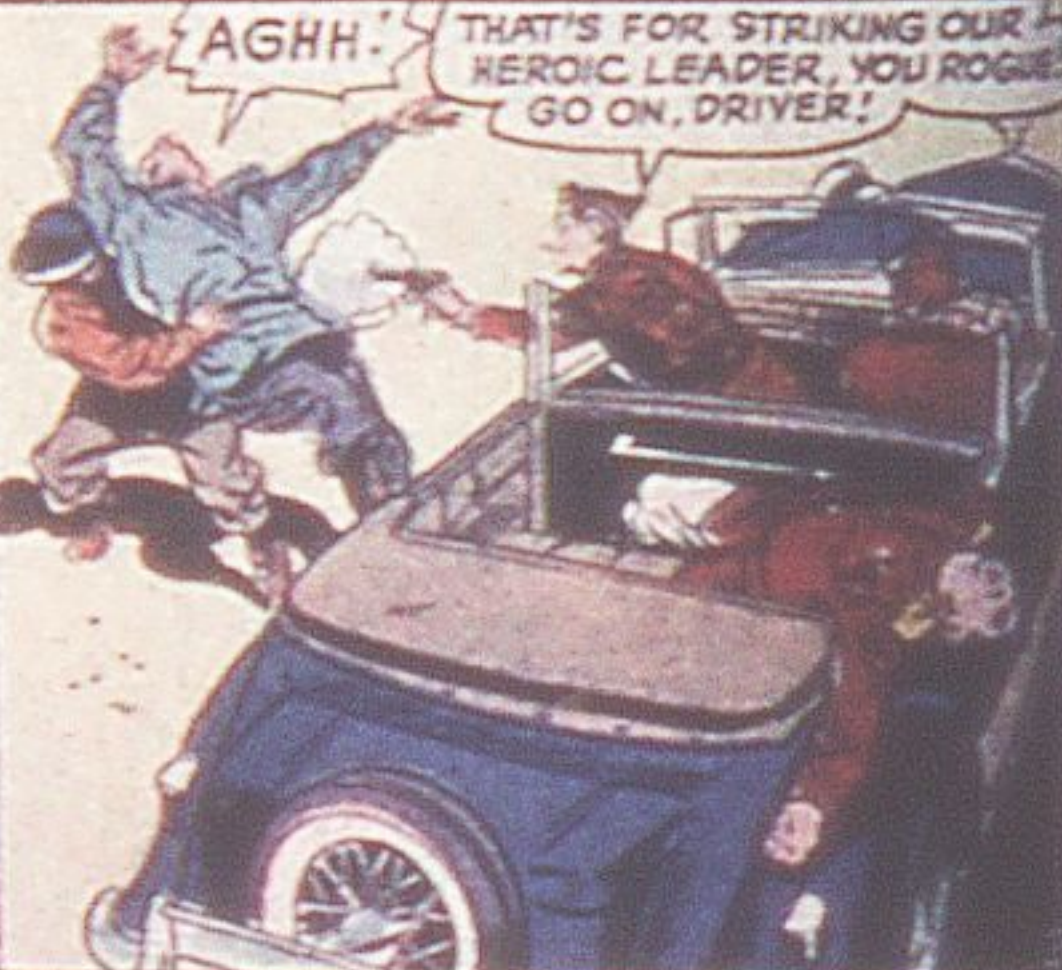
THIS...

CAREFUL, JAN! THAT'S COLONEL CLOUD!

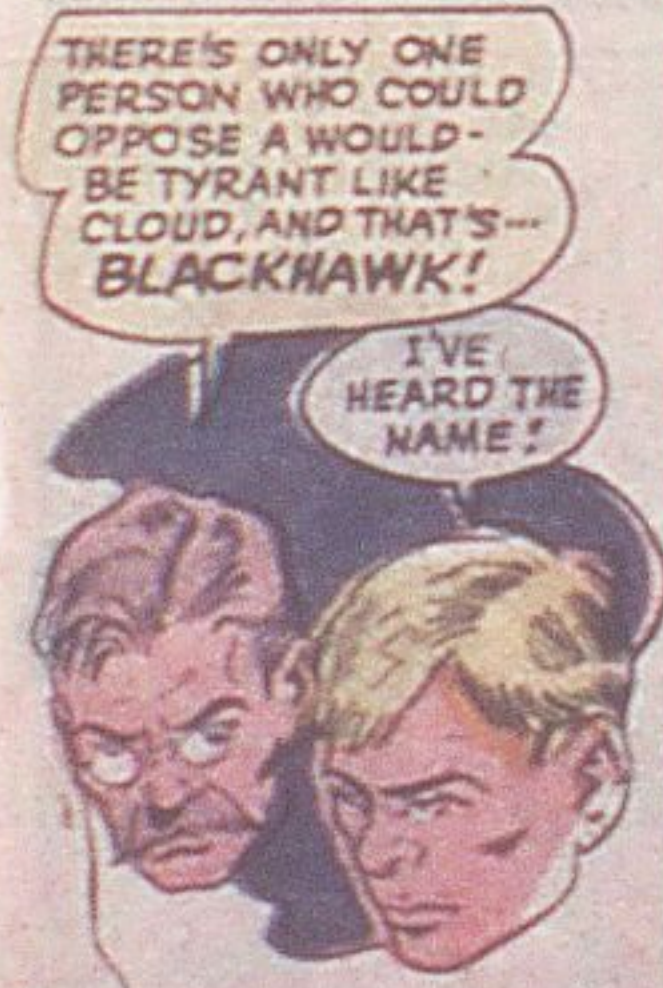
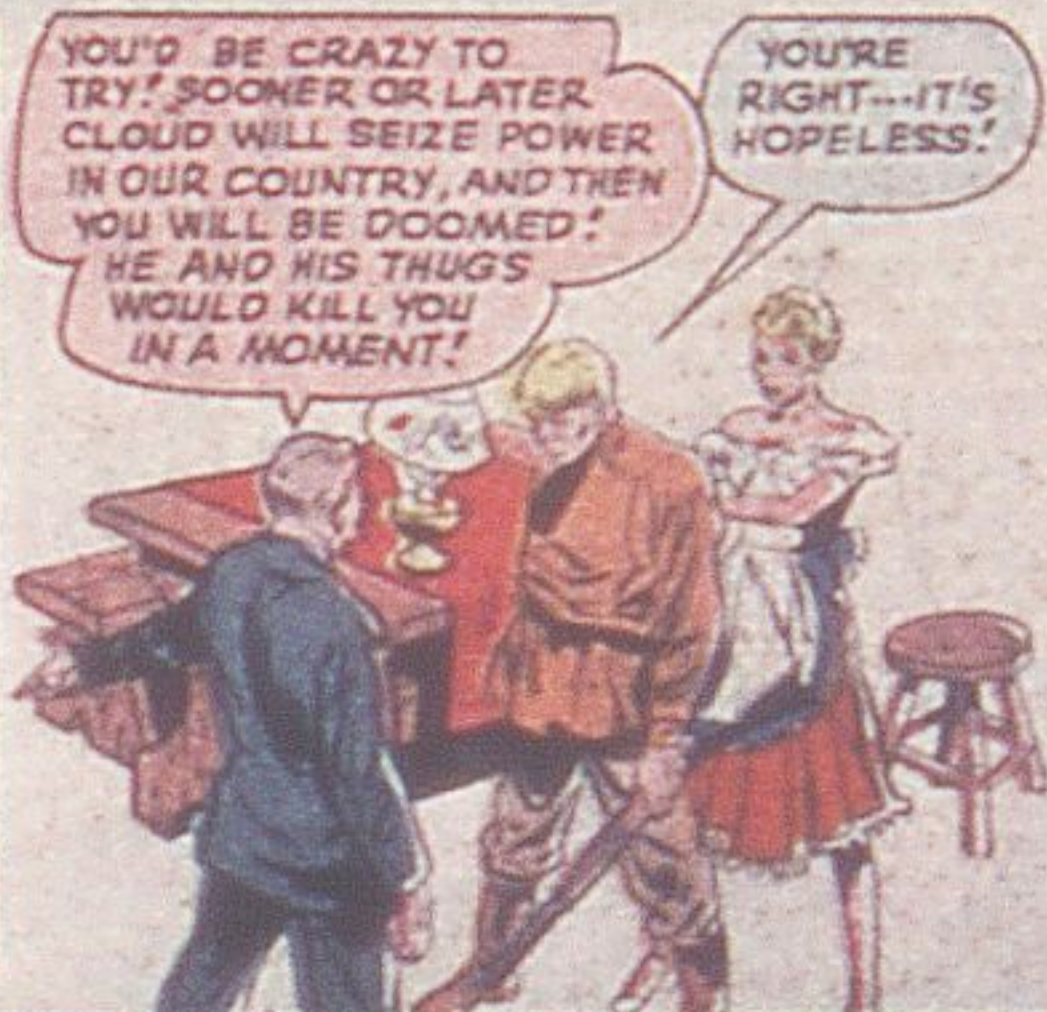
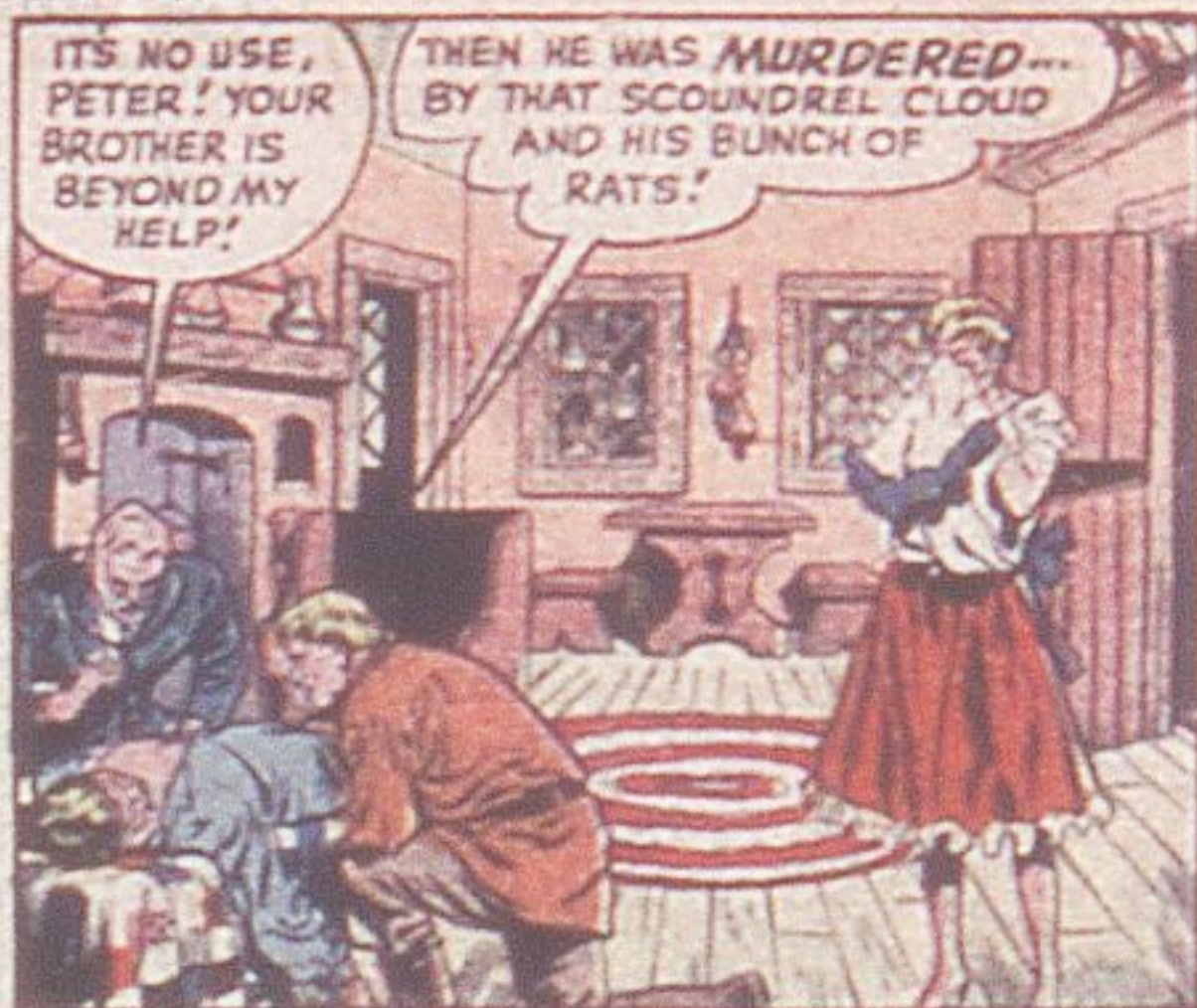


LAGHH!

THAT'S FOR STRIKING OUR HEROIC LEADER, YOU ROGUE! GO ON, DRIVER!









Later, a message reaches Blackhawk Island...

MIT ALL DER TROUBLE THERE IS IN DER WORLD, YOU'D THINK SOMEONE WOULD REMEMBER THE BLACKHAWKS!

SOMEONE HAS, HENDRICKSON! THIS LETTER HAS BEEN ON ITS WAY FOR WEEKS!



IT'S FROM A MAN NAMED PETER ZELL, CHUCK! HE WANTS US TO COME AND SAVE THE LEUCHTENBERG REPUBLIC FROM DISASTER!

IT WAS MAILED OUTSIDE THE COUNTRY... PROBABLY TO AVOID CENSORSHIP!



I'VE NEVER HEARD OF ZELL... BUT I'VE HEARD OF LEUCHTENBERG! A MAN NAMED CLOUD IS EXPECTED TO SEIZE THE GOVERNMENT ANY DAY NOW!

ALL THE MORE REASON TO HURRY THERE BEFORE HE TAKES OVER!



ALL RIGHT, MEN! WE'LL LOOK IN ON LEUCHTENBERG AND SEE WHAT WE CAN DO!

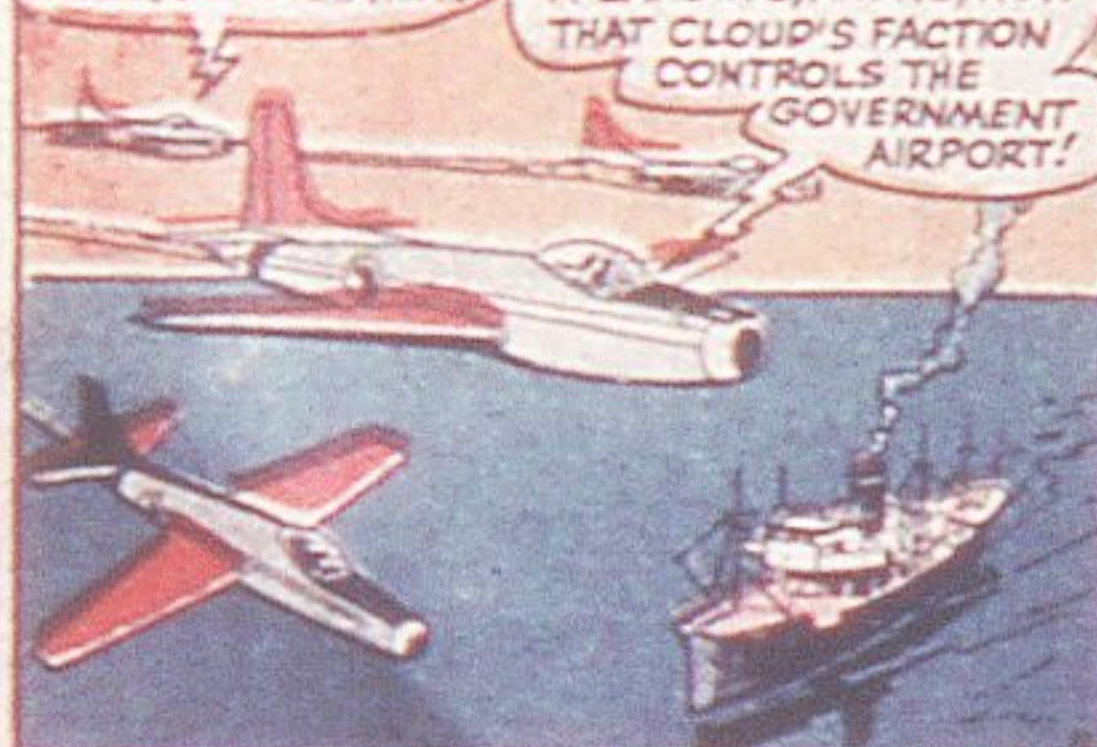
I AM LOOKING FORWARD TO ZEES, OLAF! I HAVE HEARD ZE GIRLS ZERE ARE RAVISSANT!



Minutes later...

AND HOW DO WE FIND ZEES PETER ZELL, BLACKHAWK?

HIS LETTER SAYS HIS WHEATFIELD IS THE ONLY PLACE IN LEUCHTENBERG FLAT ENOUGH FOR A LANDING, ANDRE, NOW THAT CLOUD'S FACTION CONTROLS THE GOVERNMENT AIRPORT!



Soon...

THIS MUST BE ZELL'S FARM... WE'VE CIRCLED THE WHOLE COUNTRY AND THIS IS THE BIGGEST FIELD WE'VE SEEN!

BY YIMMINY, A FLY BAN HAVE TROUBLE LANDING IN LEUCHTENBERG!







THE BLACKHAWKS...  
AT LAST!

IT'S CLOUDY OVERHEAD...LOOKS LIKE IT  
MIGHT STORM! STRANGE THAT WE DIDN'T  
SPOT ANY SIGNS OF BAD WEATHER  
BEFORE!

YOU MUST BE  
PETER ZELL!  
SORRY WE  
HAD TO SPOIL  
YOUR CROP IN  
LANDING!

I WELCOME YOU  
GLADLY, BLACK-  
HAWK! AS FOR  
MY CROP, IT IS  
RUINED ANYWAY!



I KNOW SOMETHING  
ABOUT BOTANY...THIS  
WHEAT LOOKS AS IF  
IT DIDN'T HAVE  
ENOUGH  
SUNLIGHT!

ALWAYS  
THERE IS  
A CLOUD  
BETWEEN  
THE SUN AND  
MY FIELD! IT IS THE  
SAME WITH EVERY  
FARMER WHO OPPOSES  
COLONEL CLOUD! HE IS  
AT THE BOTTOM OF  
THIS!



POWERFUL AS HE IS, THIS  
COLONEL CLOUD  
CAN'T MAKE THE  
WEATHER!

PERHAPS

...BUT THAT  
DOESN'T MATTER  
NOW THAT YOU ARE  
HERE! MY SISTER  
HAS WAITED EVERY  
DAY TO WELCOME  
THE BLACKHAWKS  
...TODAY SHE WILL  
NOT BE DIS-  
APPOINTED!



THIS IS MY  
SISTER! AND  
HERE, BURIED  
BESIDE THE  
DOOR IS...

AH, MADEMOISELLE!  
I AM ENCHANTED!



SEE! THEY HAVE NO  
RESPECT FOR THE  
DEAD... SOMEONE HAS  
DEFACED THE  
INSCRIPTION  
SINCE I LAST  
SAW IT!

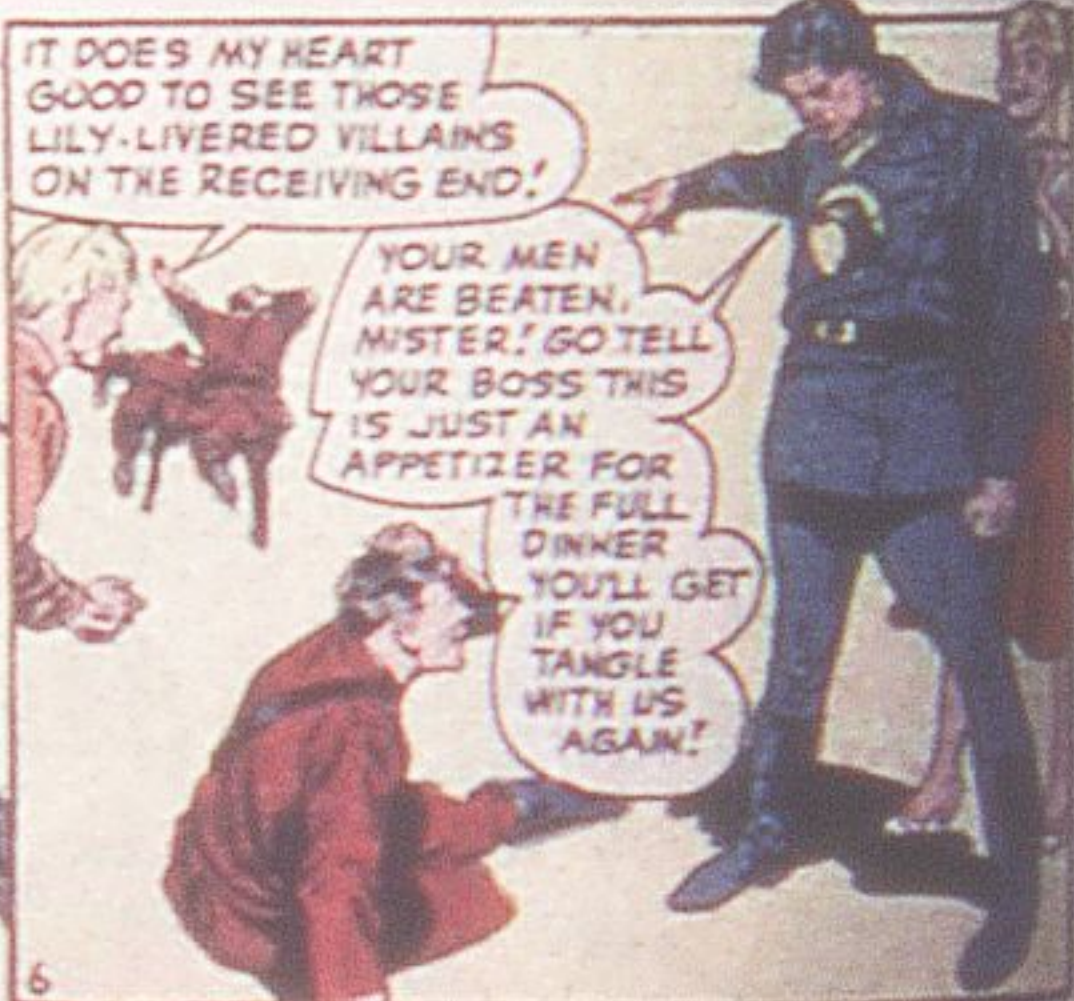
THAT'S RIGHT!  
THE PAINT IS  
STILL FRESH!



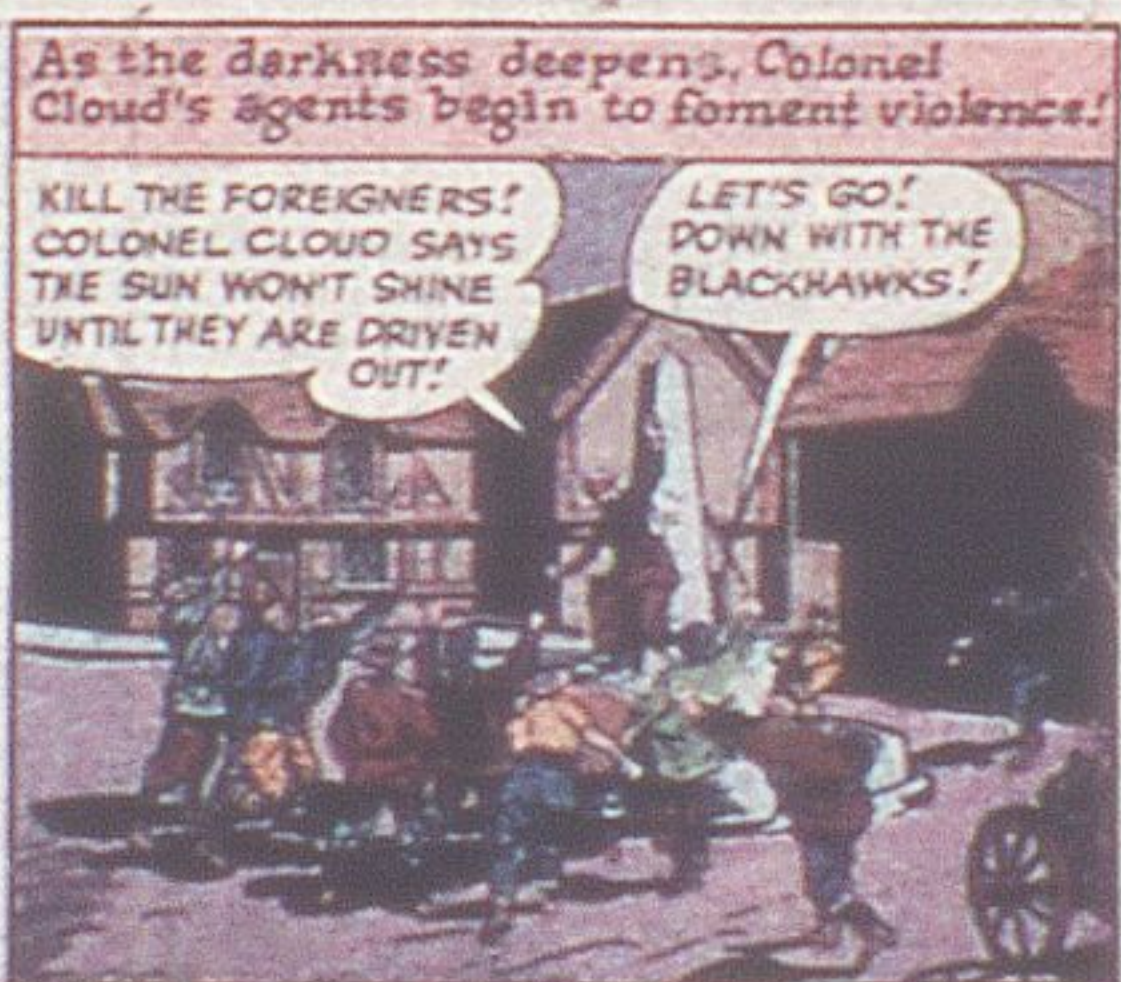
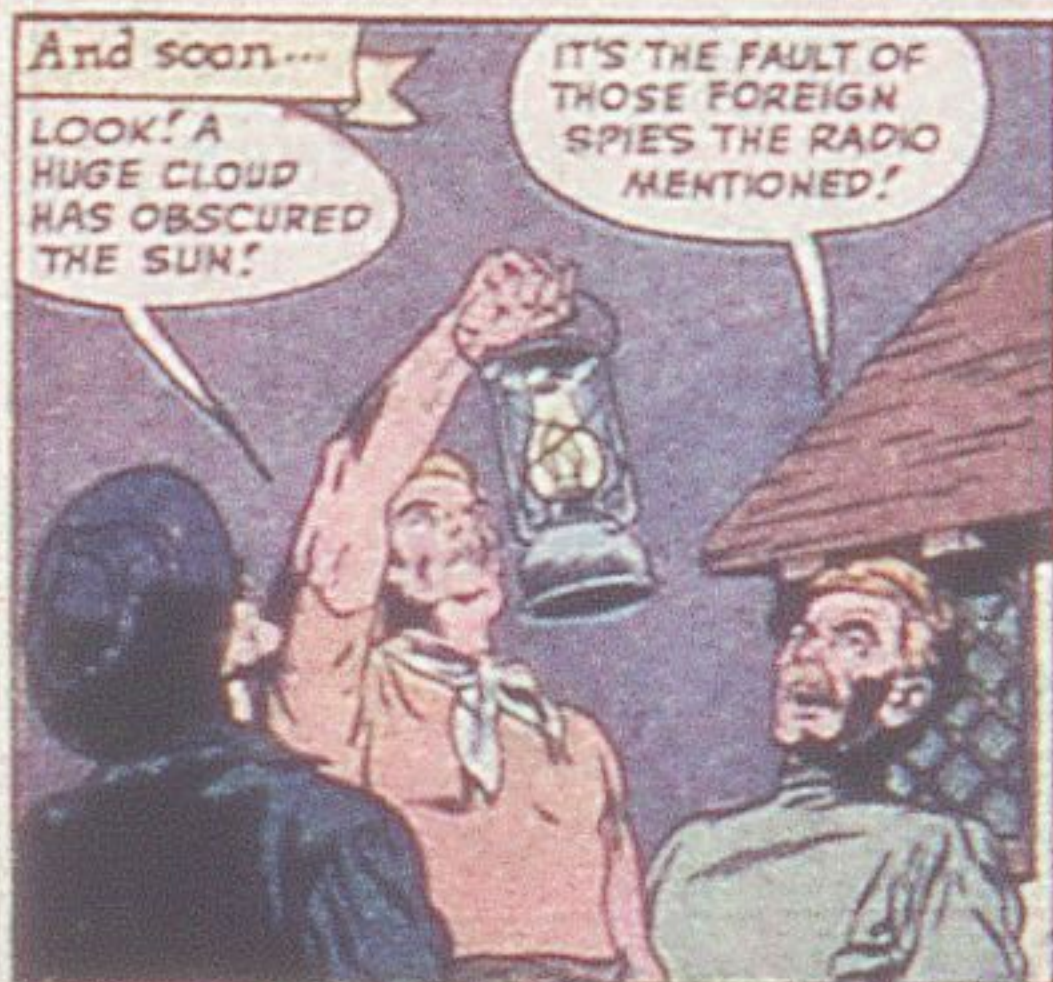
IT MEANS THAT  
CLOUD'S MEN  
HAVE BEEN  
HERE!

THEY  
STILL ARE,  
ZELL!

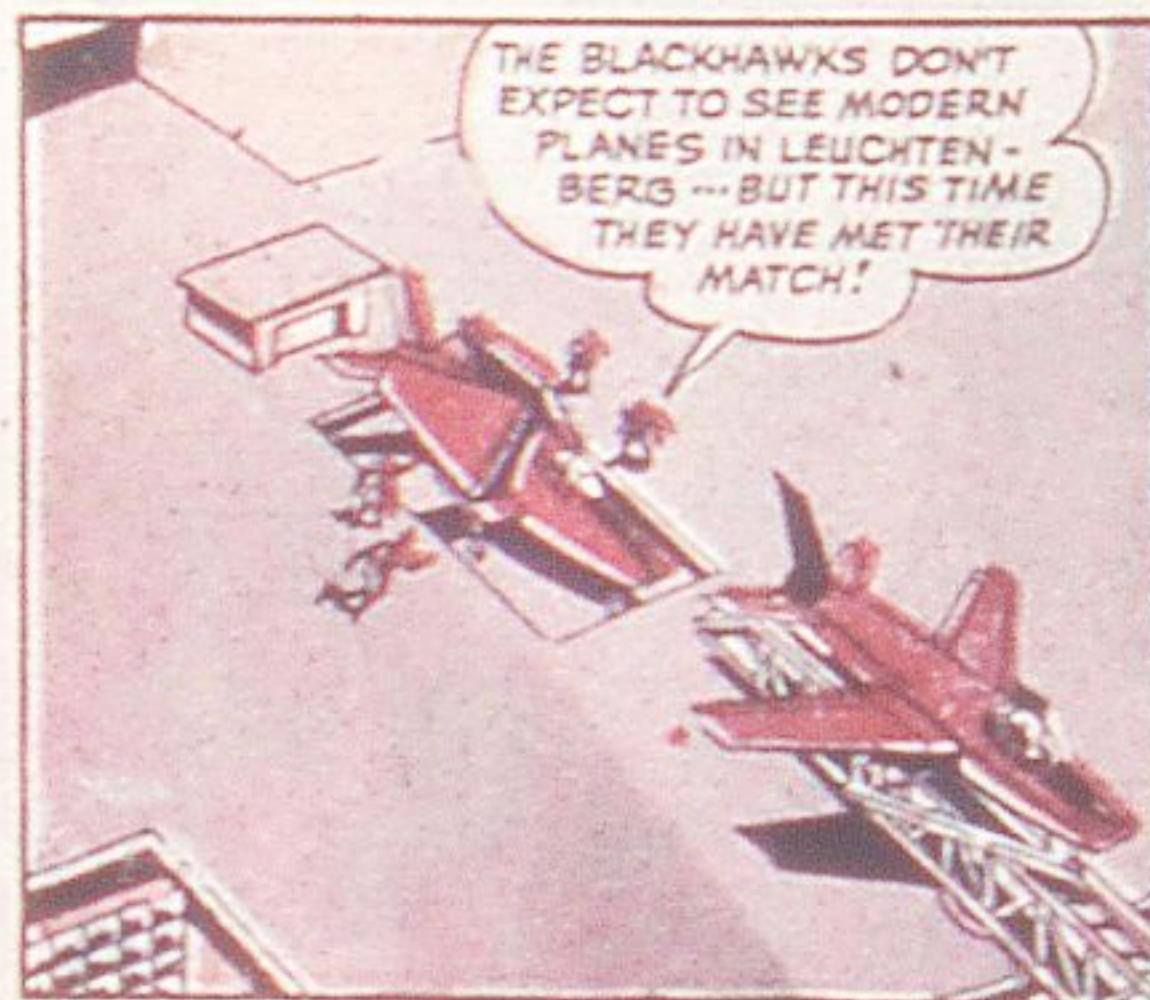
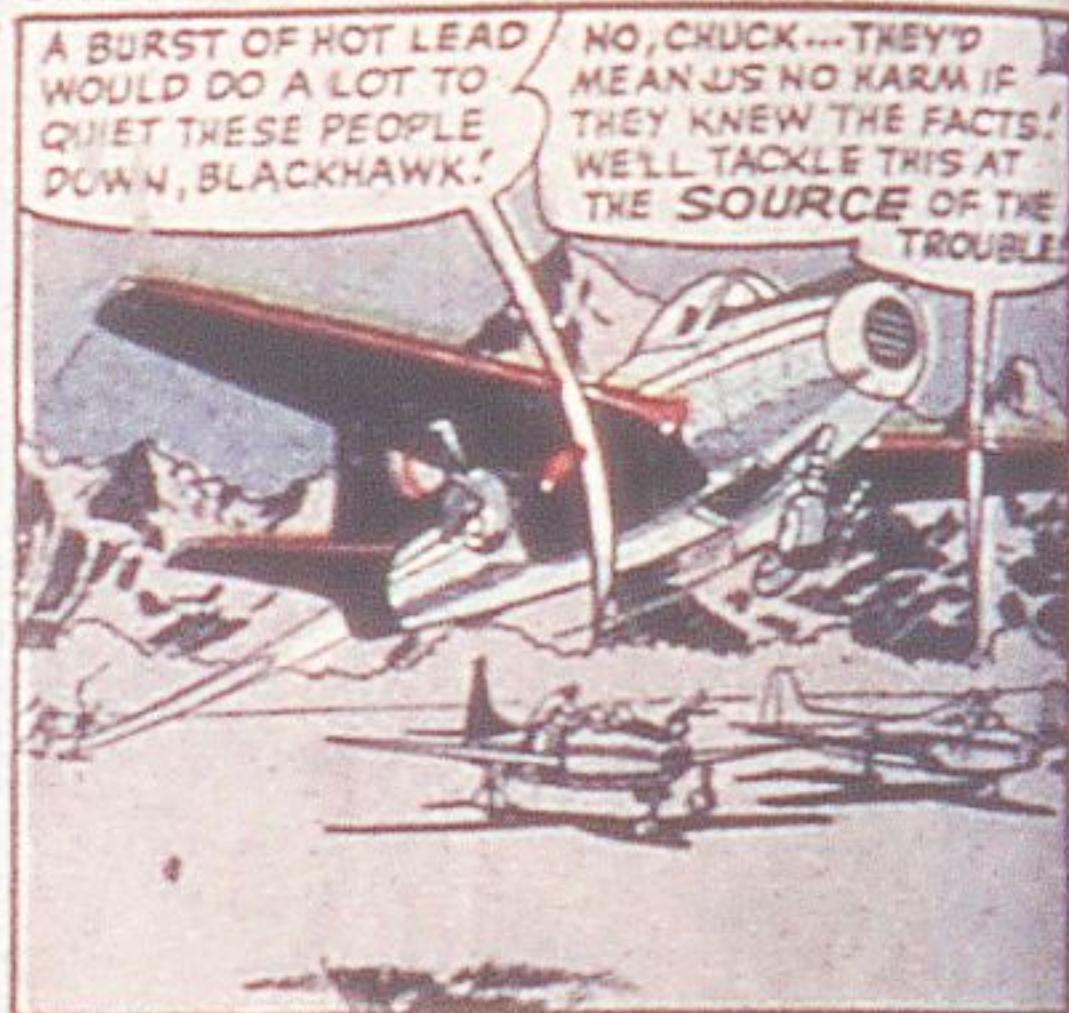




















WHEN CLOUD SEIZES POWER, YOU WILL ALL BE REWARDED WITH POSITIONS IN HIS GOVERNMENT!

AFTER THE SWEATING WE'VE DONE, WE'VE EARNED A REWARD!



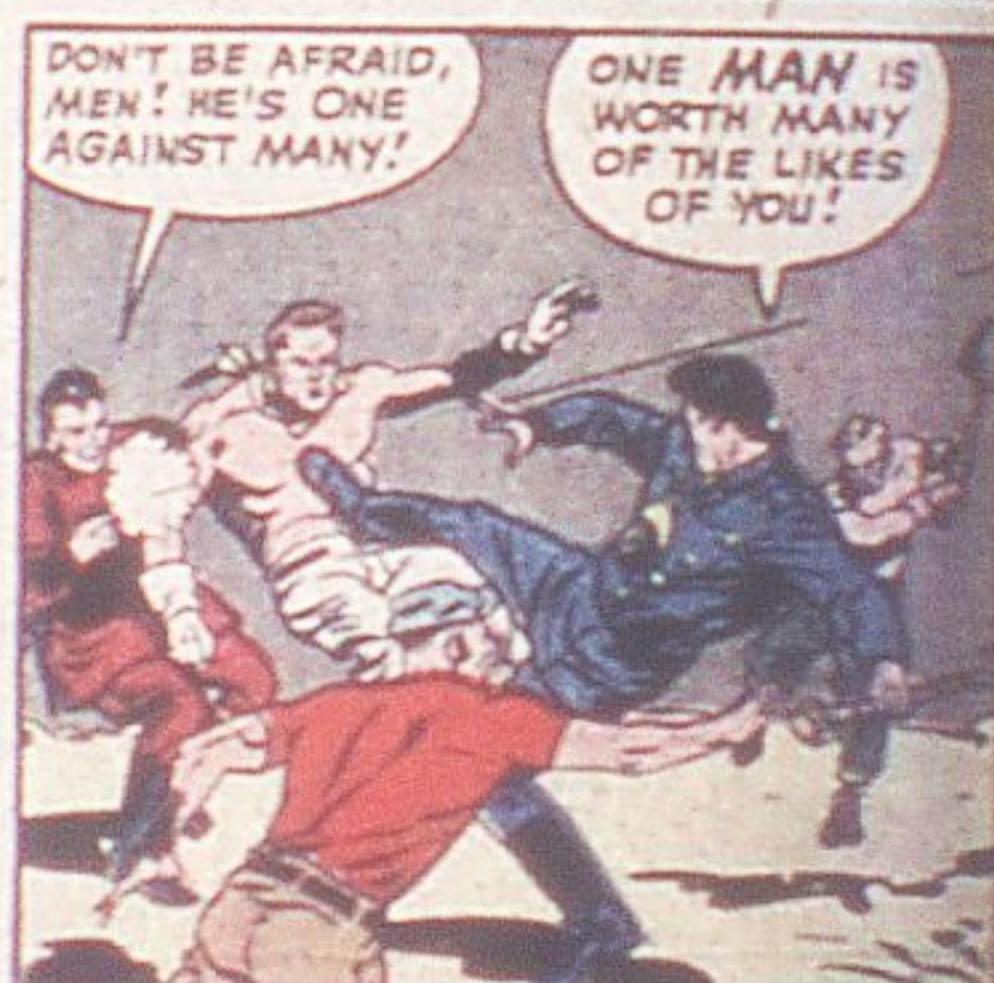
GOVERNMENT WITHOUT THE PEOPLE'S CONSENT, OF COURSE!

BLACKJAWK! THAT ANGRY MOB SHOULD HAVE TORN YOU TO PIECES BY NOW!



SO THIS IS HOW YOU MADE THE SKY TURN BLACK—ALMOST AS BLACK AS YOUR FUTURE, VRONK!

SEIZE HIM, MEN—TAKE HIM ALIVE! HE MUST BE MADE AN EXAMPLE TO OTHER MEDDLERS!



DON'T BE AFRAID, MEN! HE'S ONE AGAINST MANY!

ONE MAN IS WORTH MANY OF THE LIKES OF YOU!



NOW WE'RE EVEN, EXCEPT FOR THAT PISTOL OF YOURS!

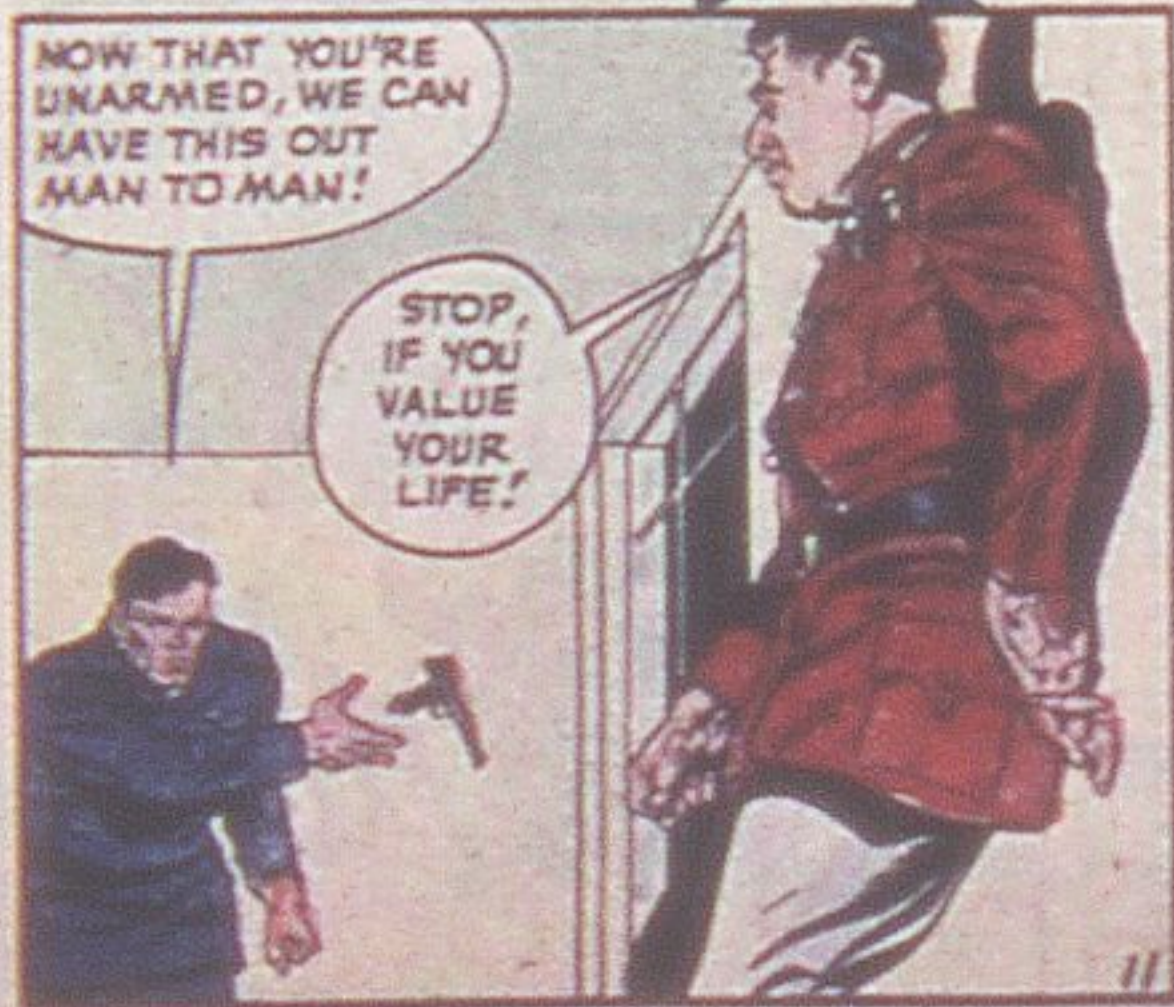
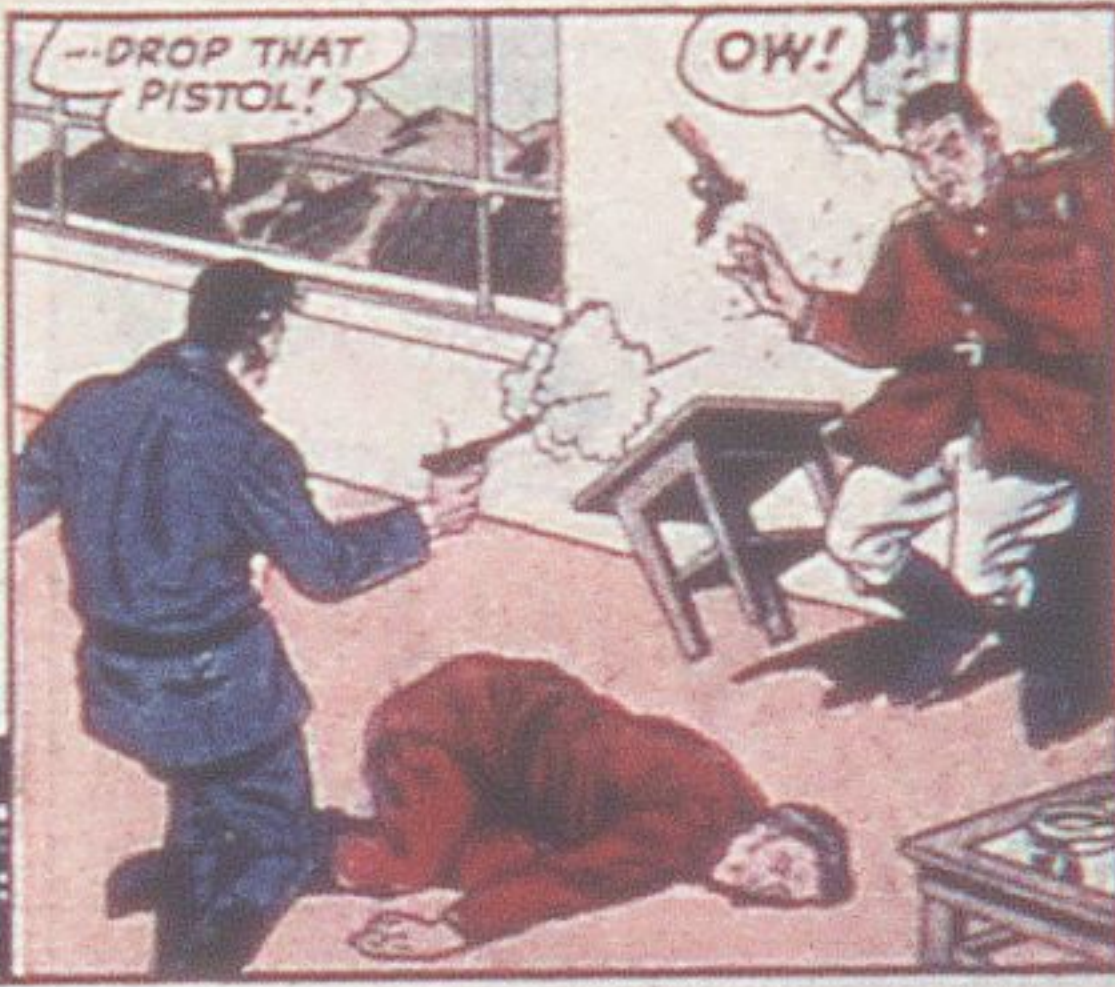
STAND BACK!



...AND MY SHOVEL SEEMS TO BE EQUAL TO IT!

CURSE YOU—OWWW!











A brief free-for-all...



...and Colonel Cloud's henchmen are thoroughly subdued...



GOOD WORK, BLACKHAWKS! NOW THAT WE'VE GOT THEM, WHAT DO WE DO WITH THEM?

I BELIEVE I CAN SOLVE THAT DIFFICULTY, BLACKHAWK!

I AM THE MINISTER OF JUSTICE OF THE LEUCHTENBERG REPUBLIC... WHEN THE RADIO BEGAN TO SPREAD CLOUD'S PROPAGANDA I CAME HERE AS FAST AS I COULD!

AND YOU BROUGHT THE POLICE WITH YOU, I SEE?



THANKS TO YOU, COLONEL CLOUD CAN NOW BE TRIED BY AN IMPARTIAL JURY... AND HIS MACHINERY DESTROYED!

DON'T DESTROY IT! THIS CABINET IS FULL OF PLANS FOR DEVICES TO MAKE CLOUDS AND BRING RAIN ARTIFICIALLY... YOU CAN USE THEM WISELY TO HELP THE FARMERS OF LEUCHTENBERG!



WITH THE DEVICE HIDDEN IN THE EXTINGUISHED VOLCANO, HE WAS ABLE TO BLANKET THE COUNTRY WITH HUGE CLOUDS OF MOIST VAPOR... RADIO-ACTIVELY CONTROLLED BY HIS PLANES TO OBSCURE THE SUN AS HE CHOSE!

THEN LEUCHTENBERG OWES THE BLACKHAWKS A DOUBLE DEBT... BOUNTIFUL HARVESTS ARE THE BEST SAFEGUARD AGAINST SCHEMERS LIKE CLOUD!



Later...

THE BLACKHAWKS ARE THE SAVIORS OF LEUCHTENBERG!

FEET EES ODD HOW MOBS CHANGE, BLACKHAWK... A FEW HOURS AGO THEY WISHED TO KEEEL US!

A FEW HOURS AGO, THEY DID NOT KNOW THE TRUTH, ANDRE!



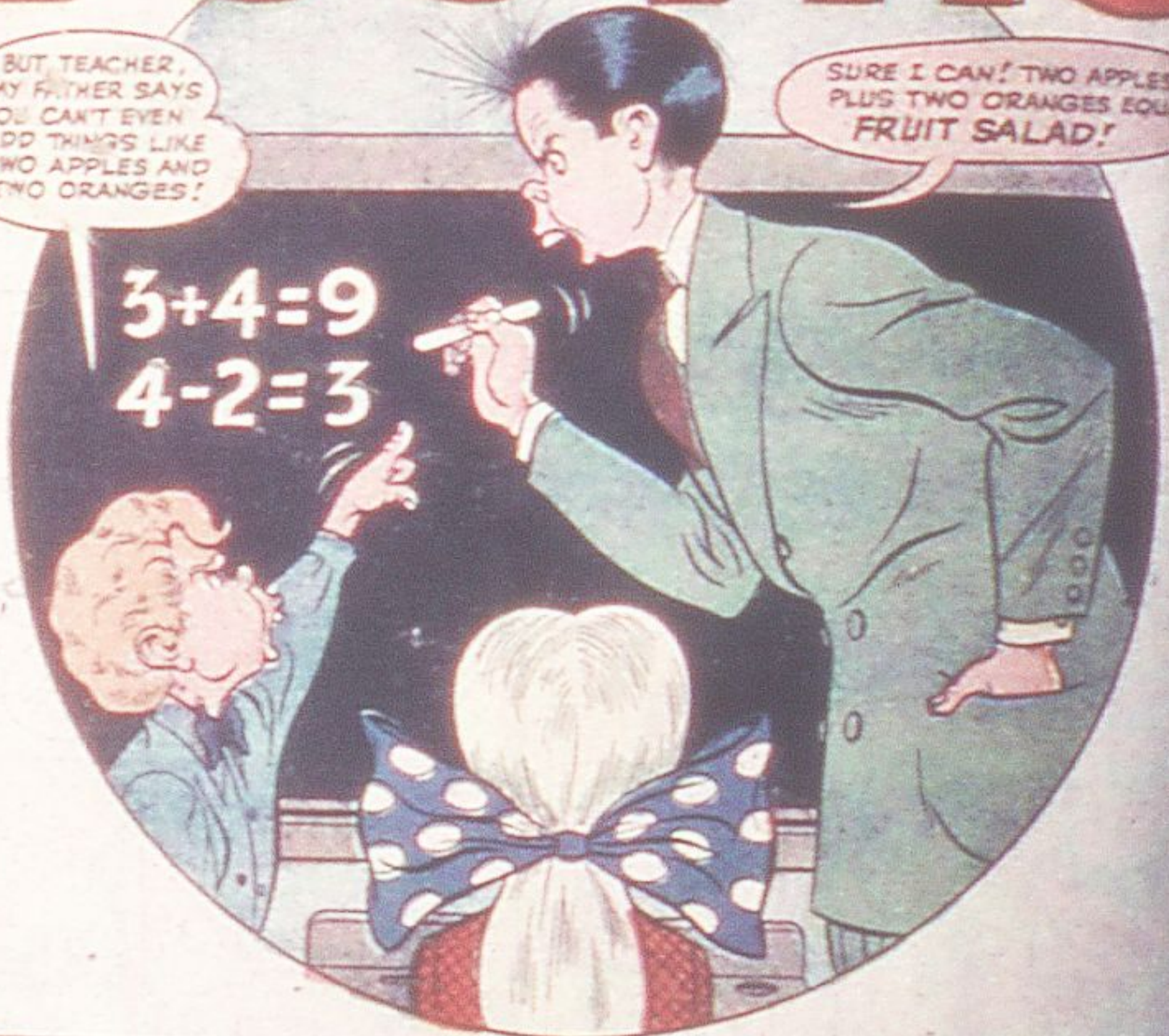


# DOCTAG

BUT, TEACHER,  
MY FATHER SAYS  
YOU CAN'T EVEN  
ADD THINGS LIKE  
TWO APPLES AND  
TWO ORANGES!

SURE I CAN! TWO APPLES  
PLUS TWO ORANGES EQUALS  
**FRUIT SALAD!**

$3+4=9$   
 $4-2=3$



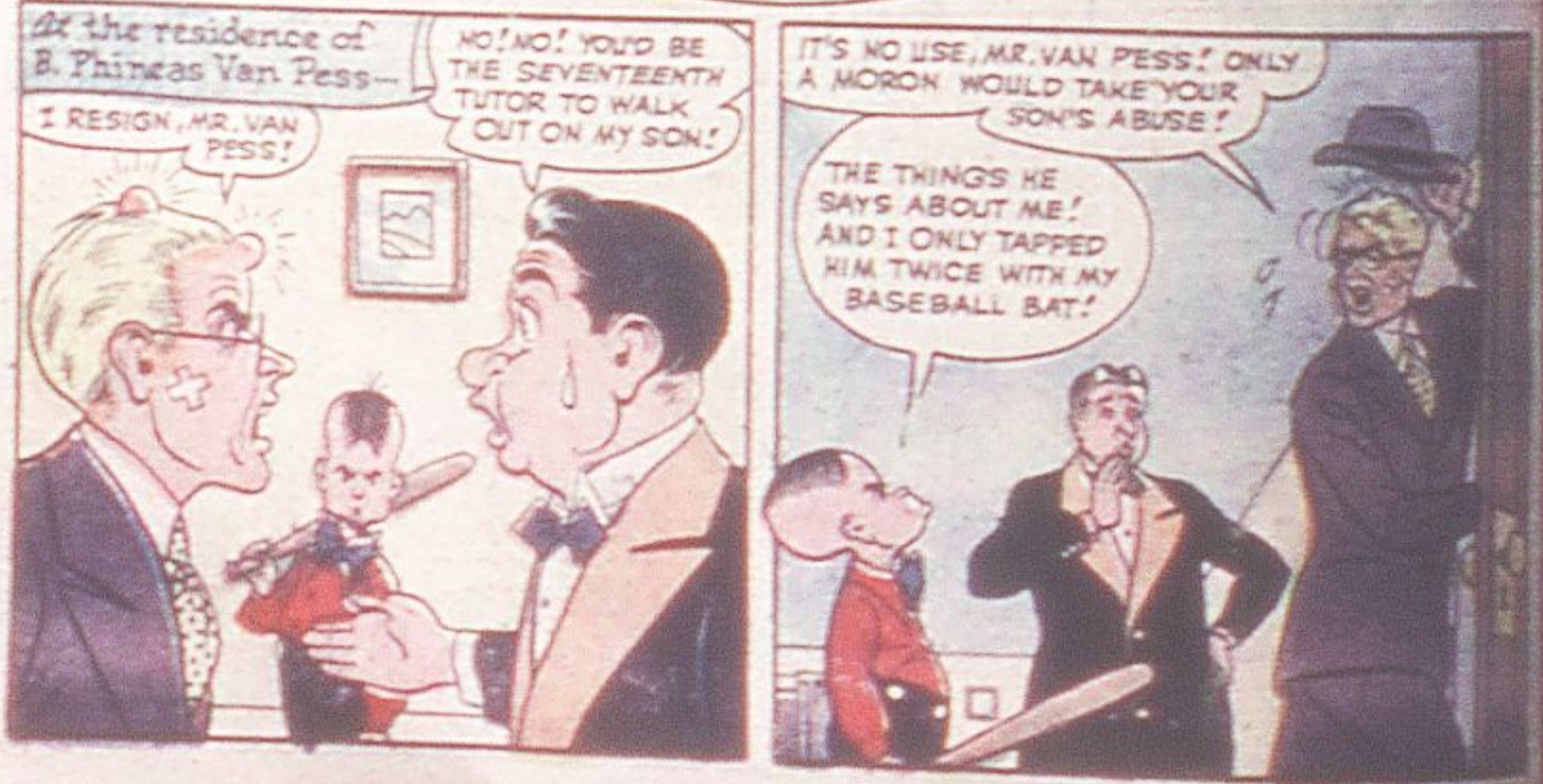
At the residence of  
B. Phineas Van Pess—

I RESIGN, MR. VAN  
PESS!

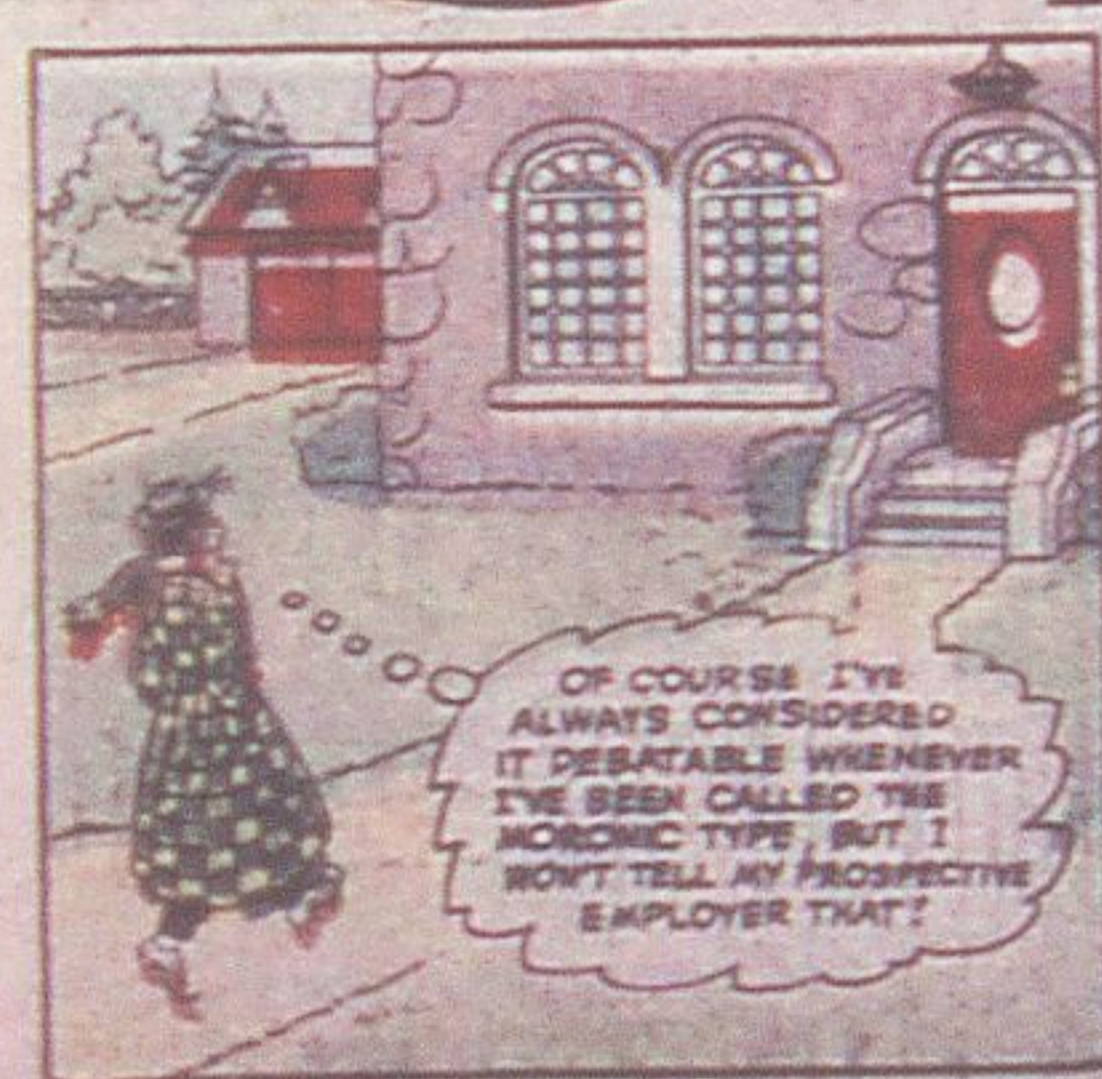
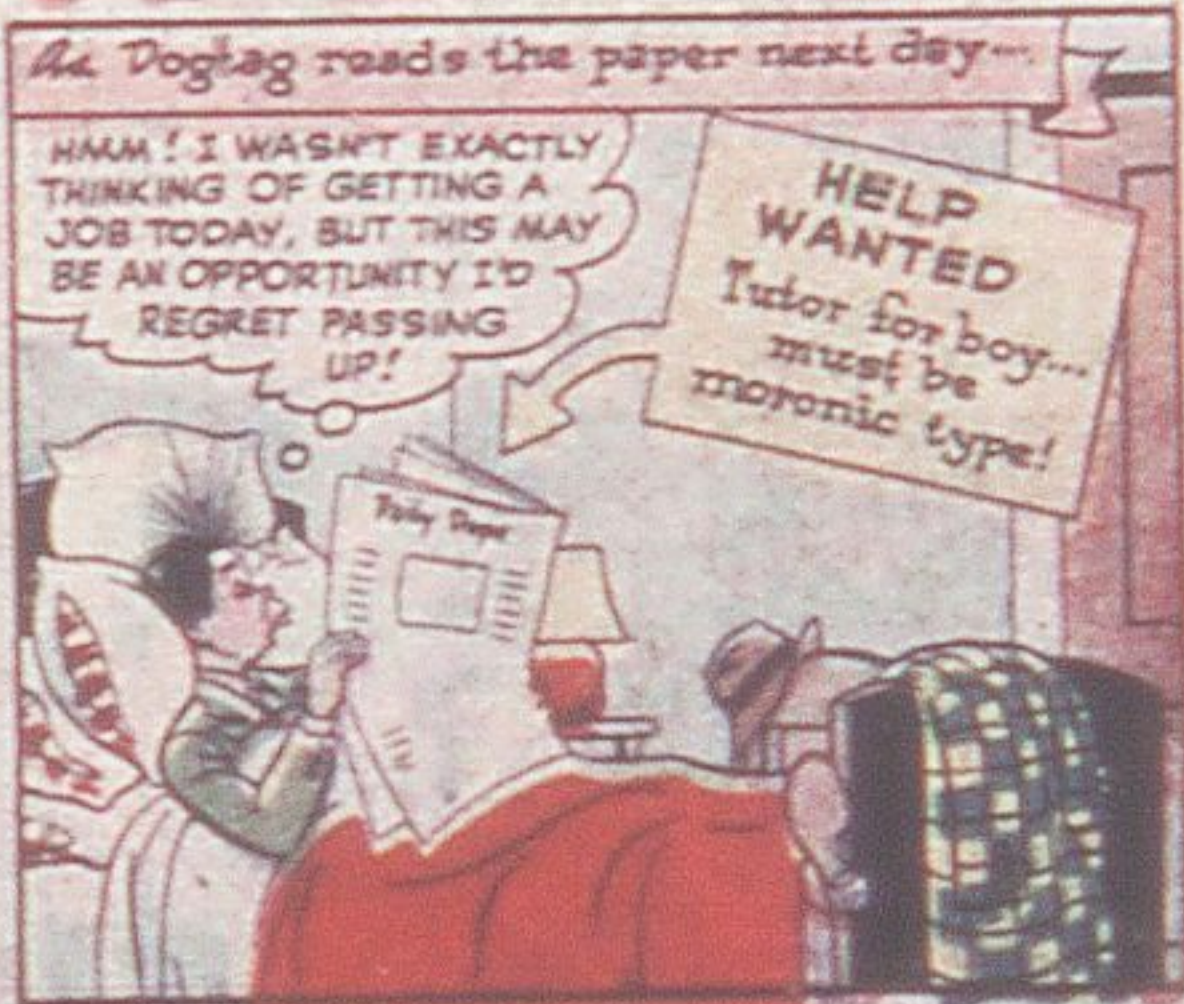
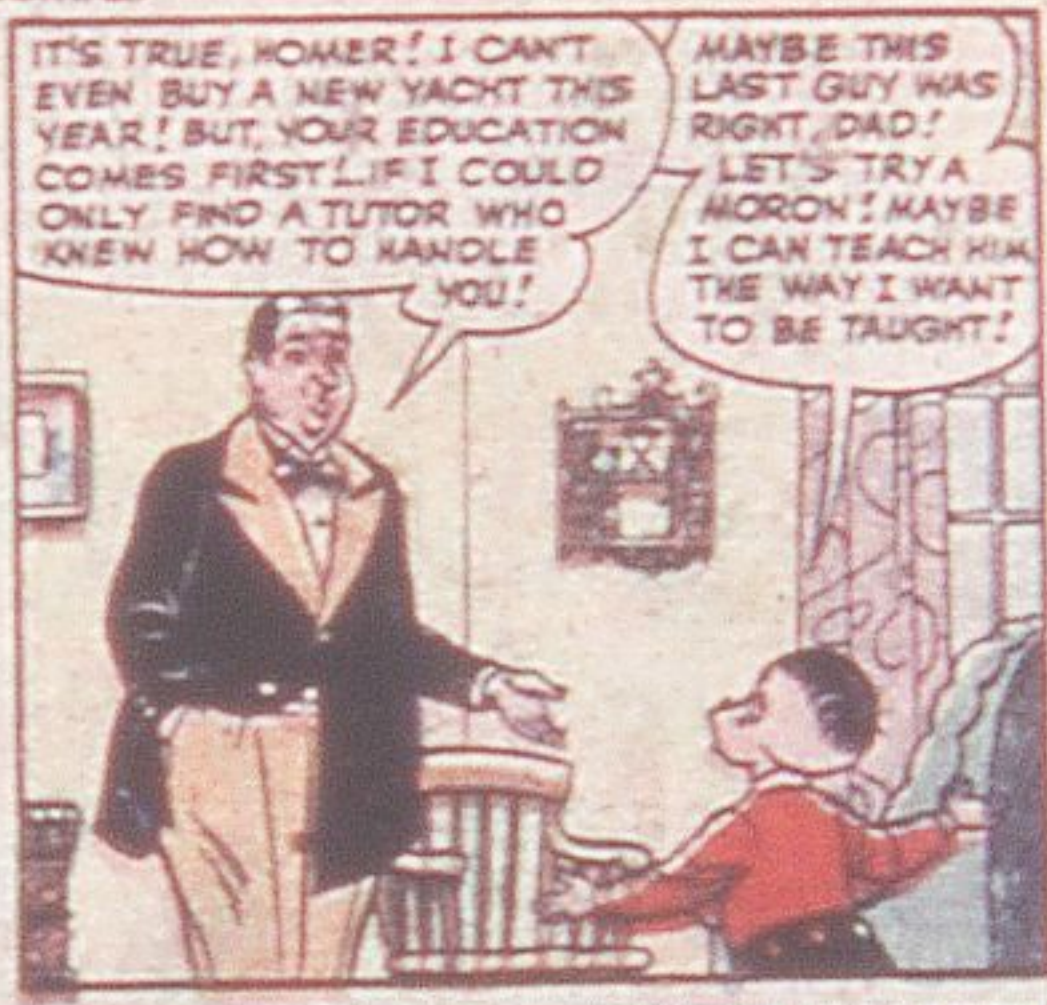
NO! NO! YOU'D BE  
THE SEVENTEENTH  
TUTOR TO WALK  
OUT ON MY SON!

IT'S NO USE, MR. VAN PESS! ONLY  
A MORON WOULD TAKE YOUR  
SON'S ABUSE!

THE THINGS HE  
SAYS ABOUT ME!  
AND I ONLY TAPPED  
HIM TWICE WITH MY  
BASEBALL BAT!



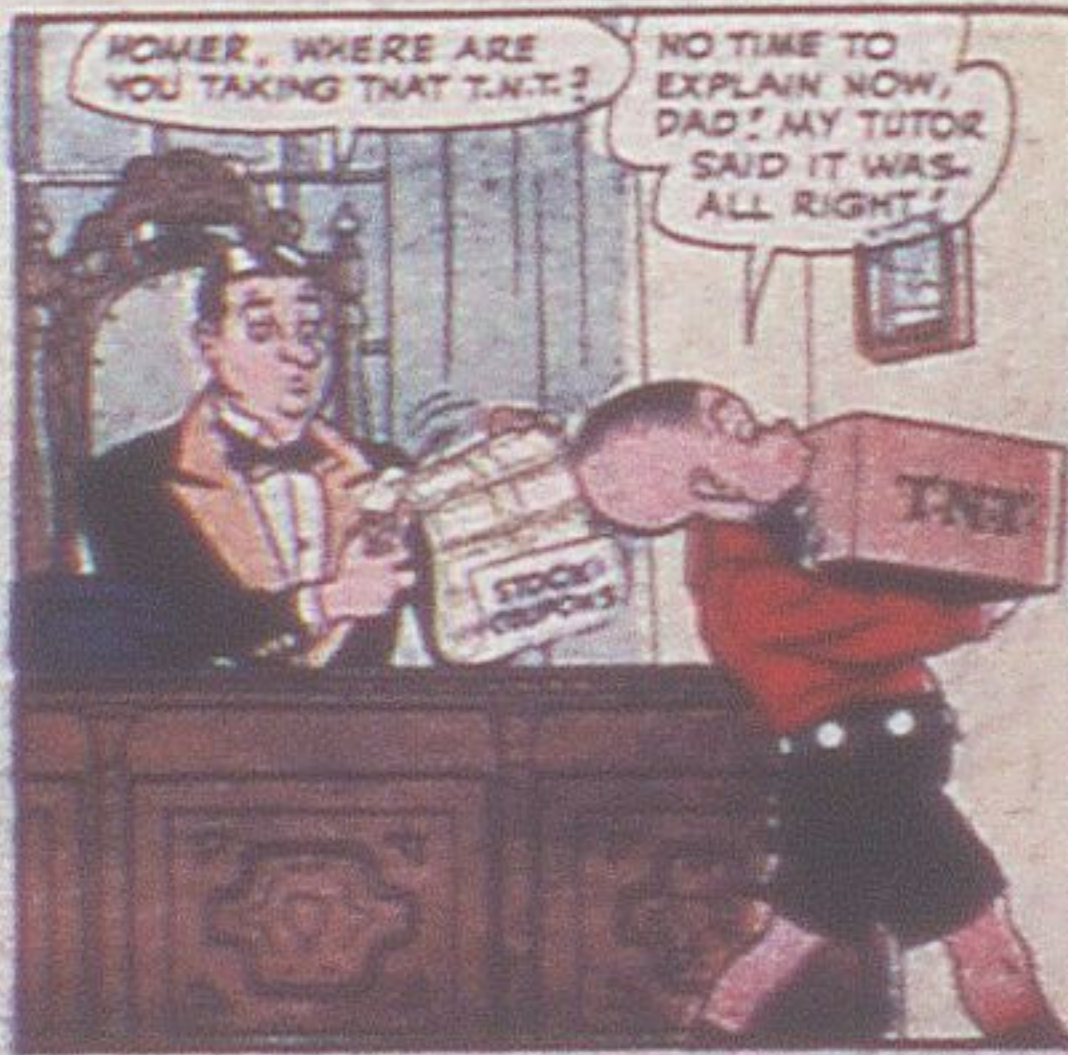
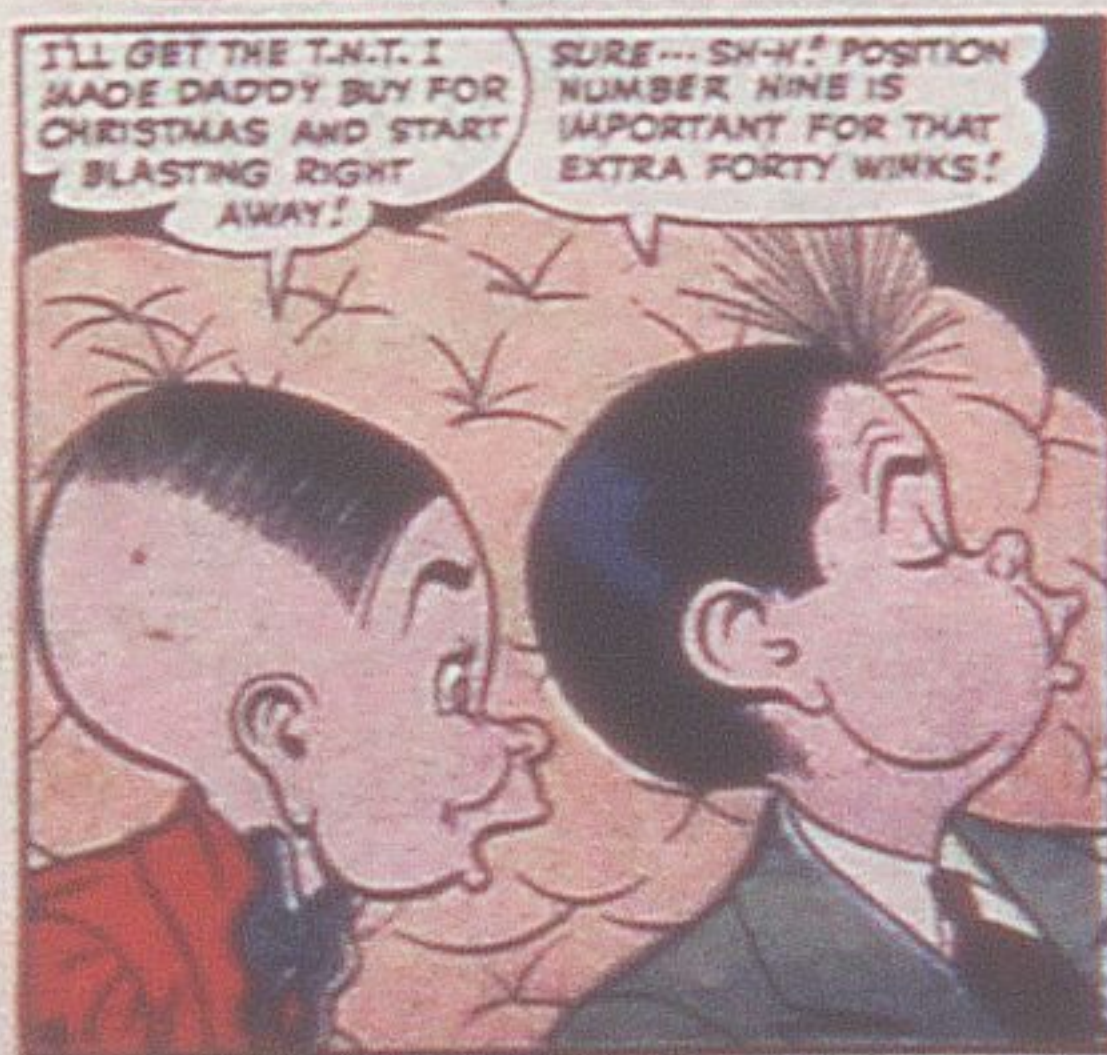
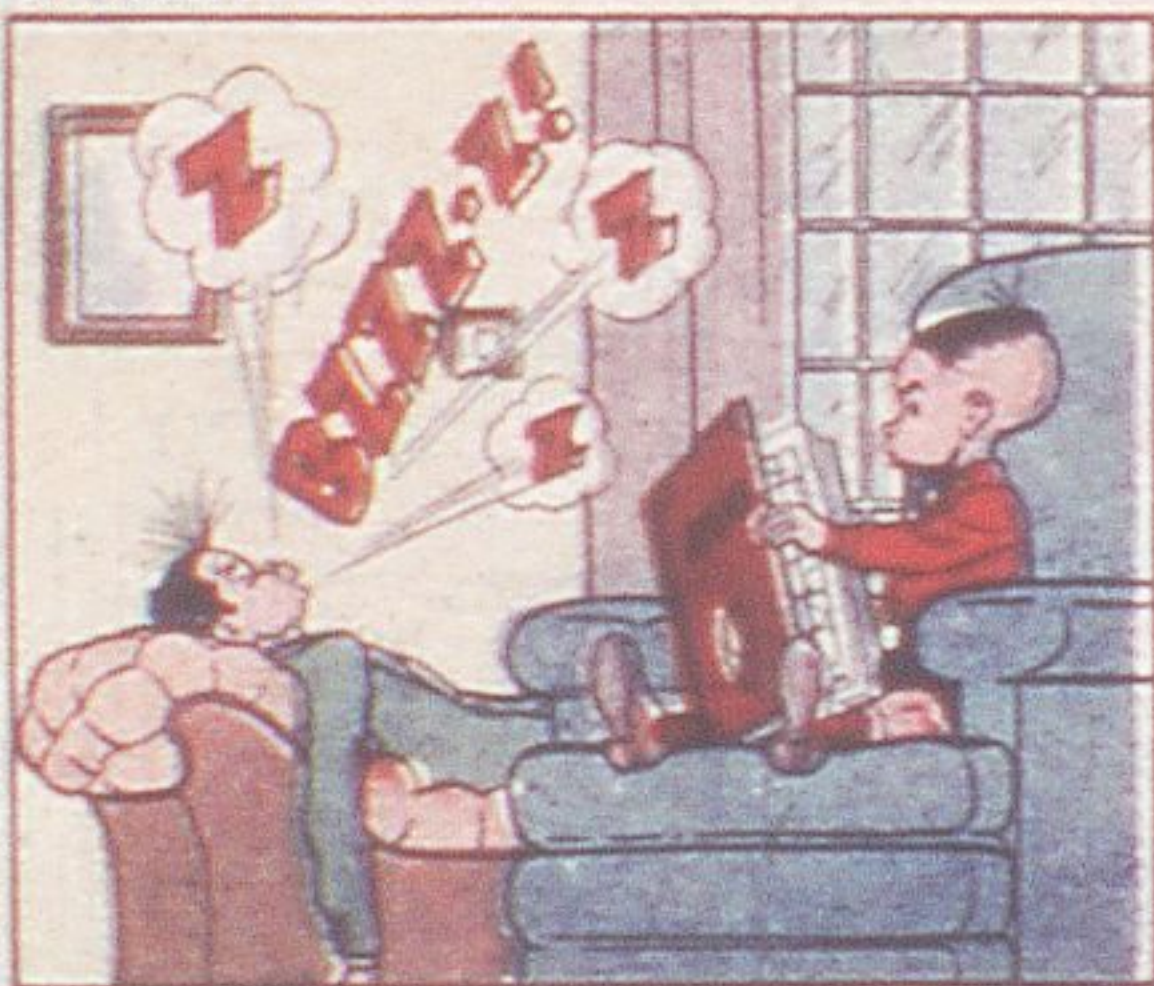








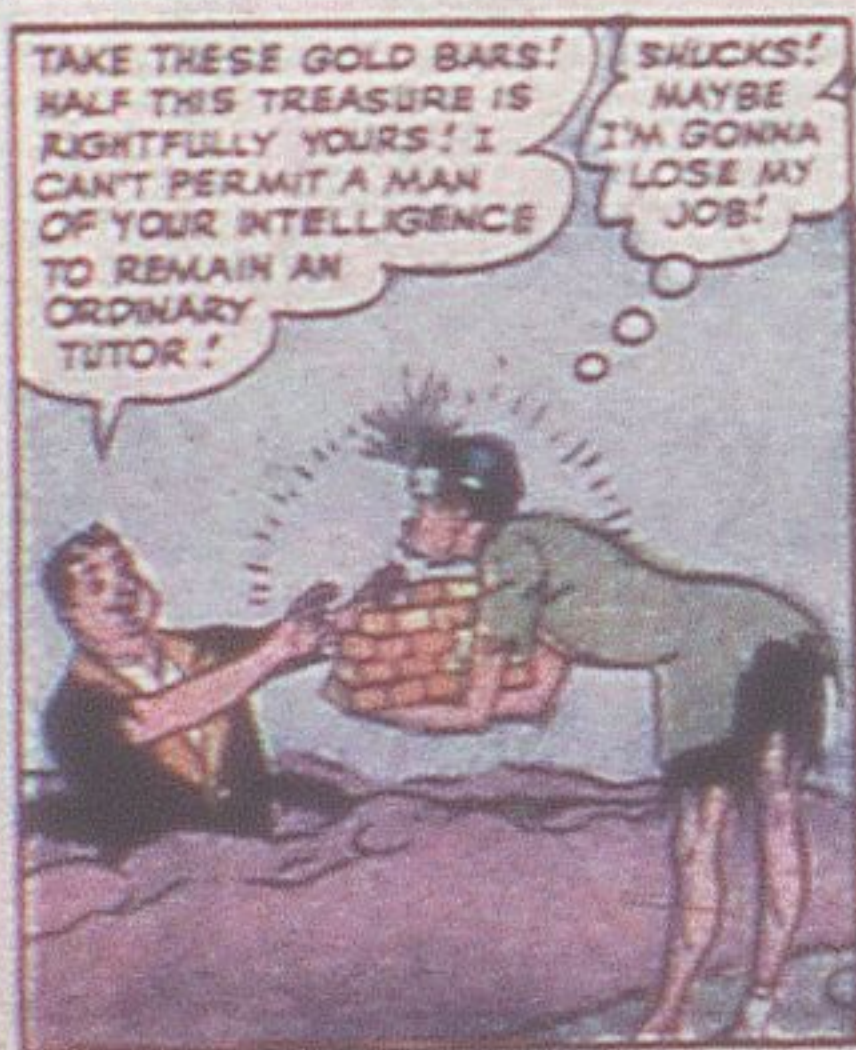
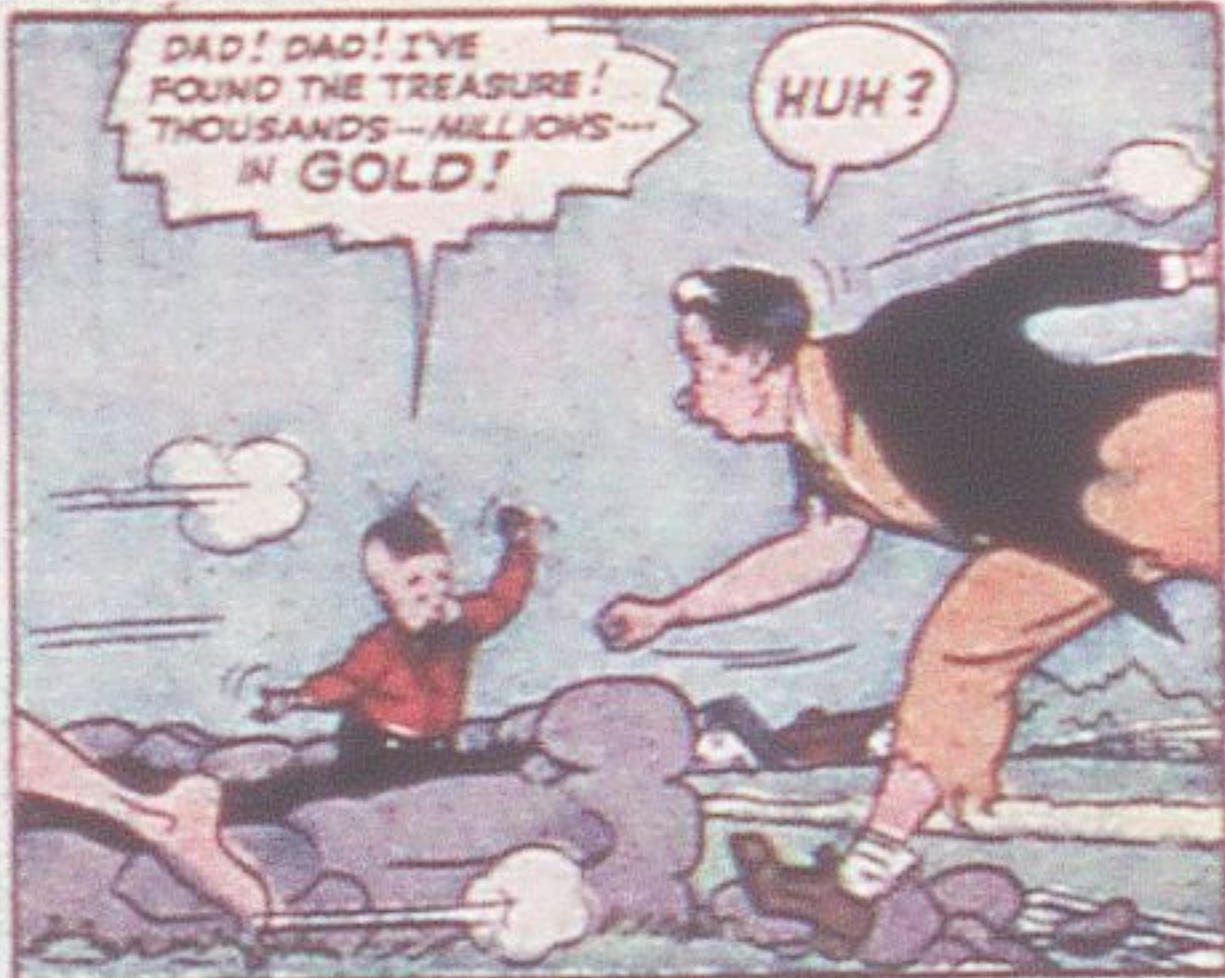














# Torchy

I GUESS I'M STILL A FAILURE, MISS FRAMP! BUT I'M JUST NO GOOD AT FIGURES!





WHY, IT'S FROM MISS FRAMP, MY GRADE SCHOOL TEACHER! THEY'RE HAVING A CLASS REUNION, AND WE'RE TO WEAR OUR GRADUATION OUTFITS!



WHAT HAPPY MEMORIES THIS BRINGS! GRADUATION NIGHT... MY CHILDHOOD IDOL, AMBROSE, STANDING IN FRONT OF ME!



I WONDER IF HE'LL BE THERE... OOPS! MY GRACIOUS, THIS IS A TIGHT FIT!



I'LL HAVE TO HURRY!



Soon...

THE OLD SCHOOL LOOKS JUST THE SAME! AH, THE SWEET, INNOCENT DAYS OF CHILDHOOD!

GEE, TO THINK WE GOT THINGS LIKE THAT TO LOOK FORWARD TO!

HEY, SLUGGER! PIPE THE PIGEON!

WOO, WOO!



AR, MY OLD PRINCIPAL, MR. ALLEN!

IT--IT'S TORCHY TODD! MY, HOW YOU'VE GROWN. I'M HAPPY TO SAY!







AND HERE ARE YOUR DEAR CLASSMATES, TODAY!

HELLO, EVERYBODY!

I WONDER— THAT MUST BE MARSHIE BY THE WHOLEY! HE WASN'T CHANGED A BIT— HE STILL SMILES A LOT!

I WENT TO SCHOOL WITH HER AND I STILL PUNED AROUND!

TO THINK I THOUGHT THAT PERSON WAS A MAN!

EMERSON! IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU!



THAT YOUR FEAR GAVE US TROUBLE AT THE AGE OF TWELVE, AND THE DRESSING YEARS HAVEN'T BEEN EXACTLY, ER— UNKIND TO HER!

RIGHT, SOMEONE'S GOT TO BE DONE! GOT THE GIRLS TOGETHER!



I-I WONDER IF YOU REMEMBER MAE MARCOSSE? I'M TERRIBLY SORRY AND—

COULD YOU PLEASE UNABLE TO MASTER SIMPLE EQUATIONS, I REGRET!



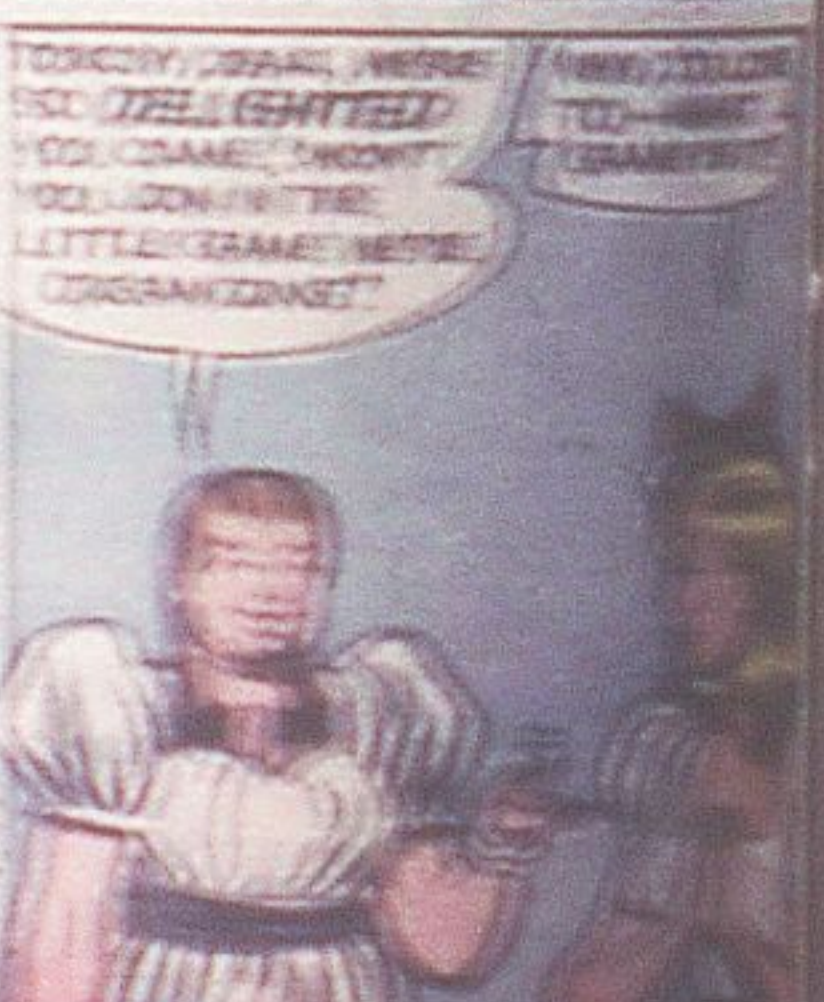
I'M AFFRANDED! BUT I ALWAYS REMEMBERED YOU FROM AHEAD!

REALLY? I HAVEN'T HAD BEEN MORE INTELLIGENT THAN I REALIZED!



I'M SO GLAD TO—I WONDER WHAT THOSE GUYS ARE TALKING ABOUT? CONSIDER, THAT SCENE DEMANDS ME OF MY SCHOOL DAYS!

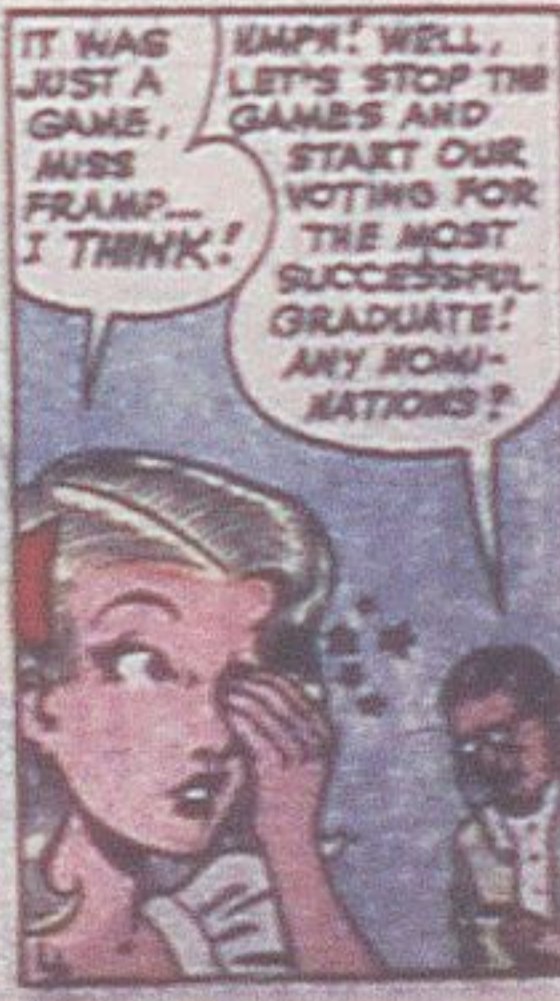
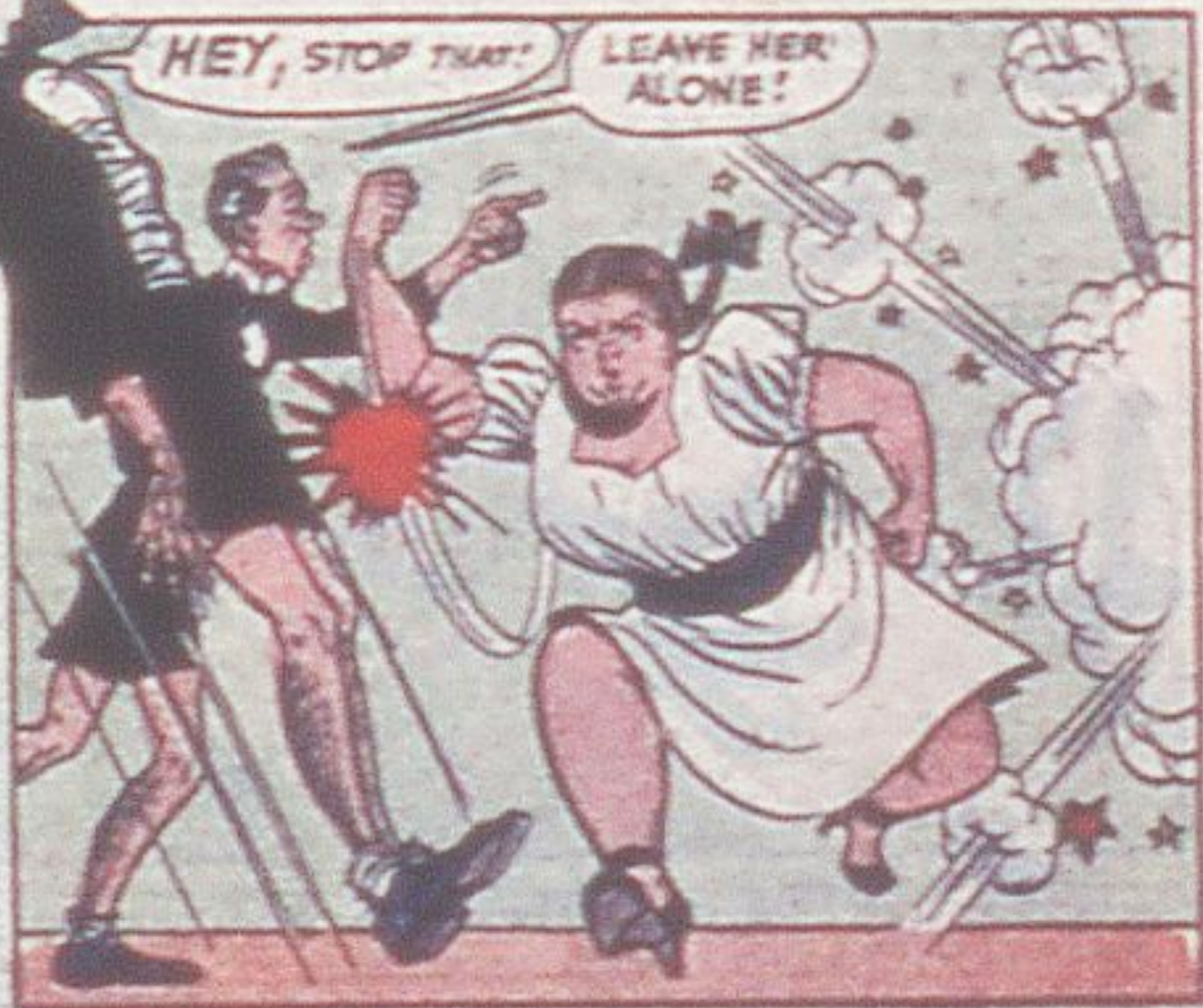
SHHHHHH! SHHHHHH!



TODAY, DEAR, WE'RE SO DELIGHTED YOU COULD SHOW US HOW TO BE THE LITTLE GAMES WE'RE ORGANIZING!

WELL, THANK YOU—









WELL, WE HAVE AN EQUAL NUMBER OF MEN AND WOMEN, SO... I HAVE IT! THE MEMBERS OF THE PRESENT GRADUATING CLASS WILL JUDGE! I'LL CALL THEM IN!

REALLY, MISS TODD, I'M A SIMPLY OUTSTANDING MATHEMATICIAN NOW! DON'T YOU THINK YOU SHOULD BE SENSIBLE AND RESIGN!

I'VE CHANGED MY MIND ABOUT YOU, AMBROSE! YOU'RE NO GENTLEMAN! I'M STAYING IN THE RACE! SOME PEOPLE THINK I'M PRETTY OUTSTANDING, MYSELF!



AND HERE ARE OUR TWO NOMINEES, CHILDREN! THEY'LL TELL YOU THEIR QUALIFICATIONS!

TELL US? YOU THINK WE'RE BLIND?

TO THINK! ONCE SHE, TOO, WORE BRACES ON HER TEETH!

MY DEAR CHILDREN, YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND! I AM A GENIUS! I CAN ADD THREE COLUMNS OF FIGURES IN THIRTY SECONDS! I CAN...

I REALLY SHOULDN'T BE IN THIS CONTEST, KIDS! I HAVEN'T A THING TO OFFER!











W  
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A  
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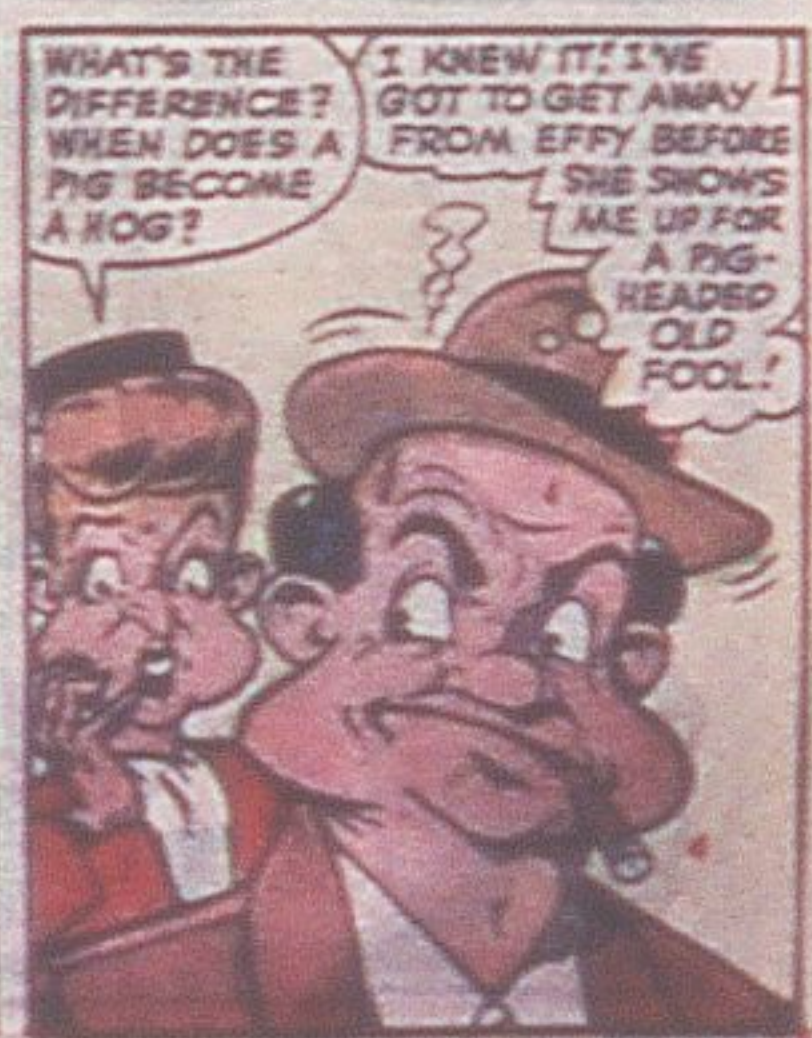


MISS GISSEL AND I WERE JUST TALKING ABOUT THE PIG SHOW! DO YOU KNOW MUCH ABOUT PIGS, WILL?

DO I KNOW ABOUT THEM? GULLY, I'M AN AUTHORITY! I--ER--ONCE RAISED FANCY PORKERS--AH--NOW HUNDREDS OF PRIZES! THEY USED TO CALL ME BLUE-RIBBON BRAGG!



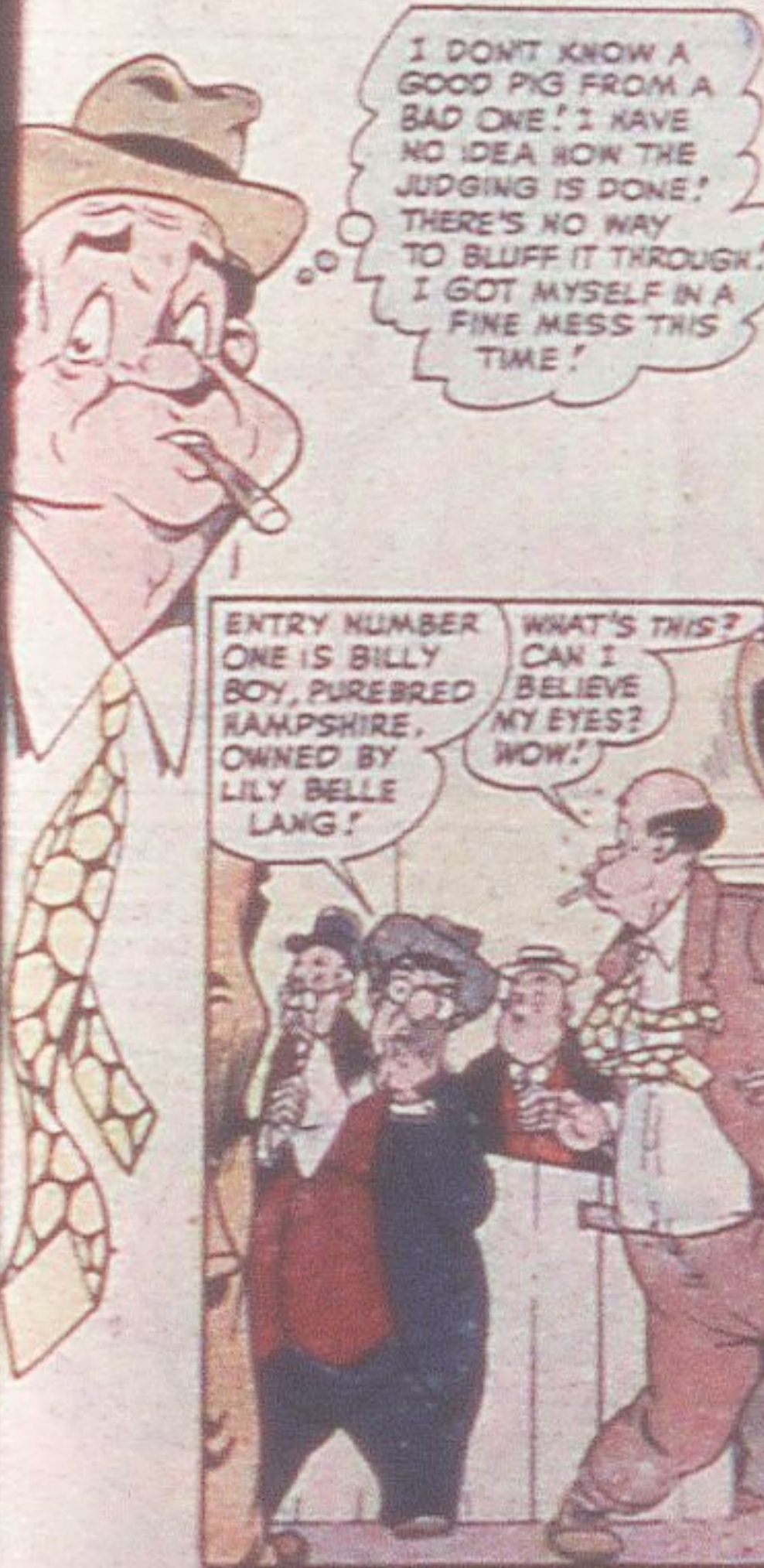
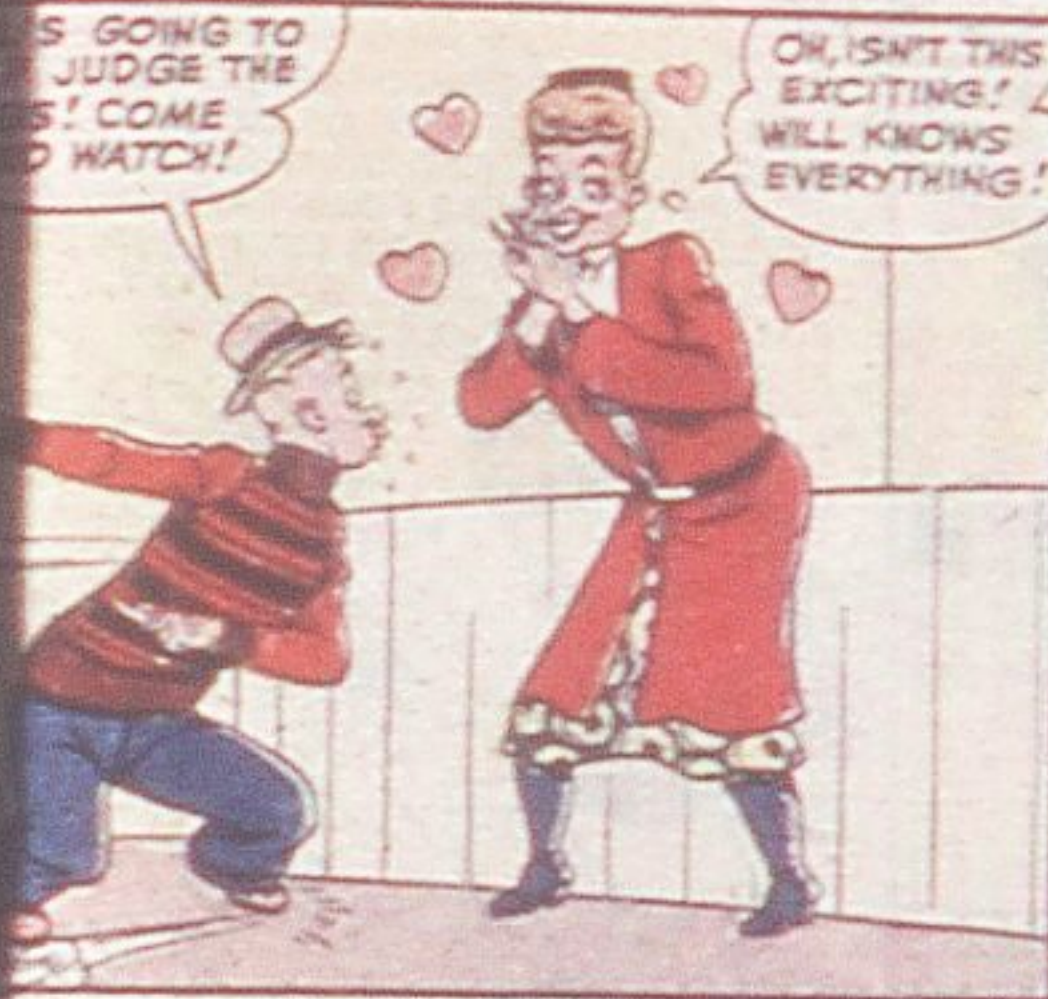




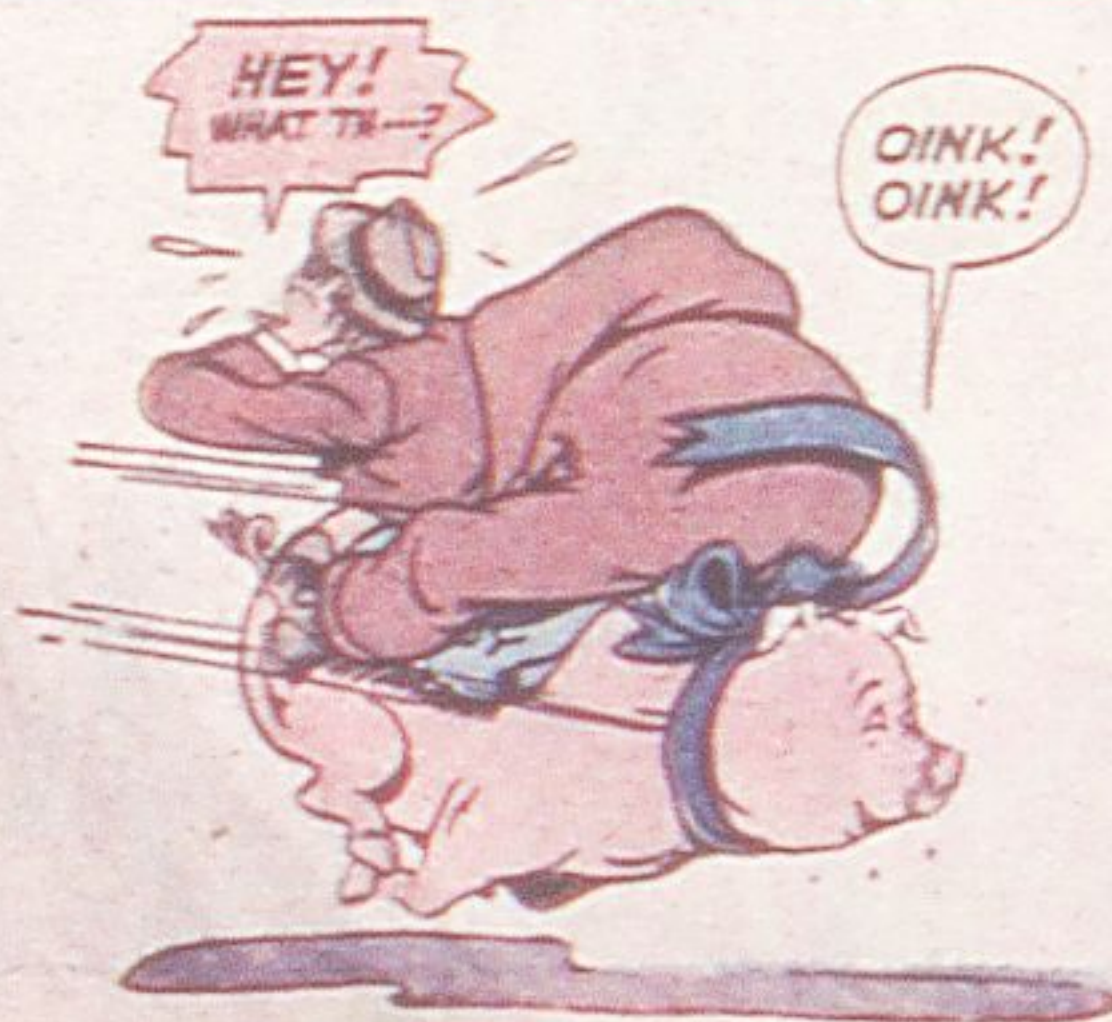














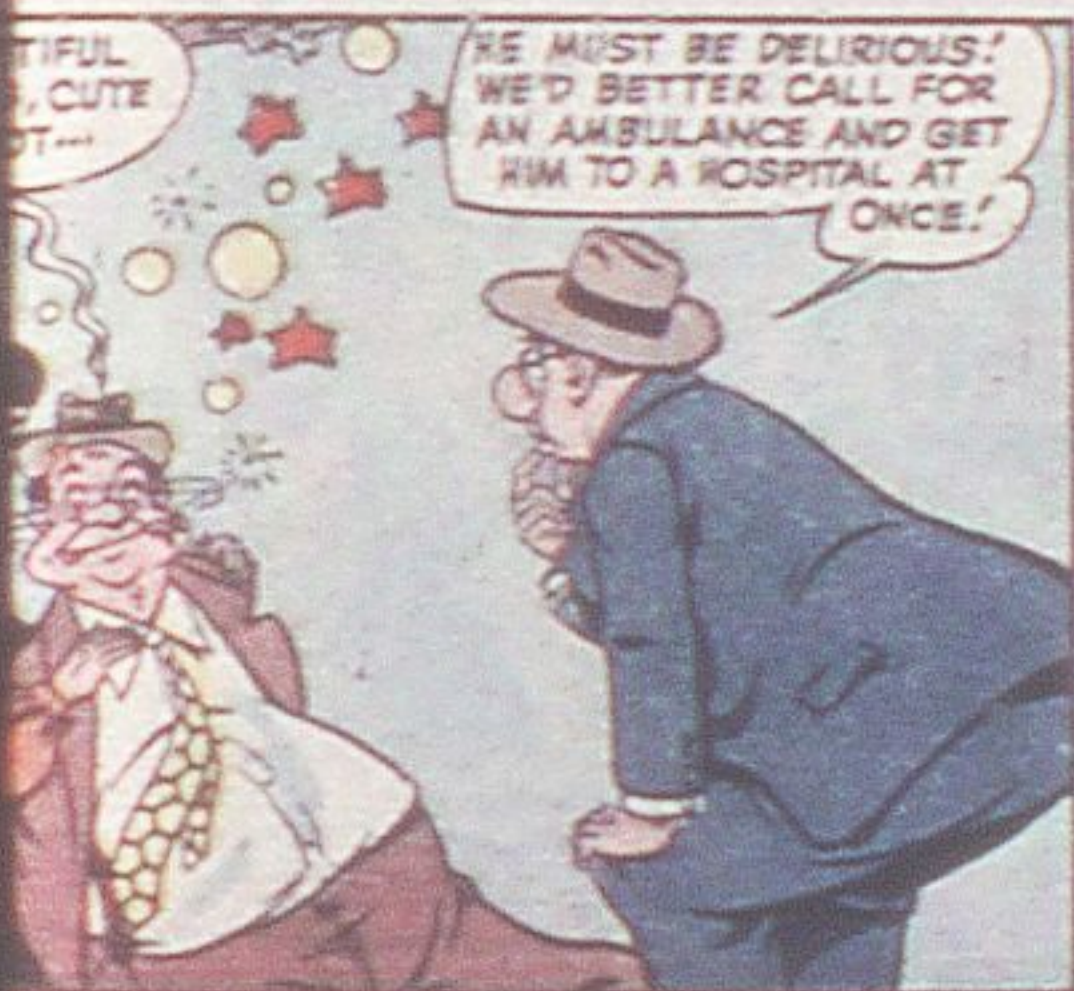


AWK!



I'VE GOT  
THE PIG!

POOR  
WILL!



TIFUL  
CUTE  
OT...



WELL, THEN THE  
MISSING JUDGE SHOWED  
UP AND THE JUDGING  
CONTINUED! AND  
BILLY BOY  
WON!



THEY DO?  
WELL! HEH-  
HEH! THAT'S  
GOOD!



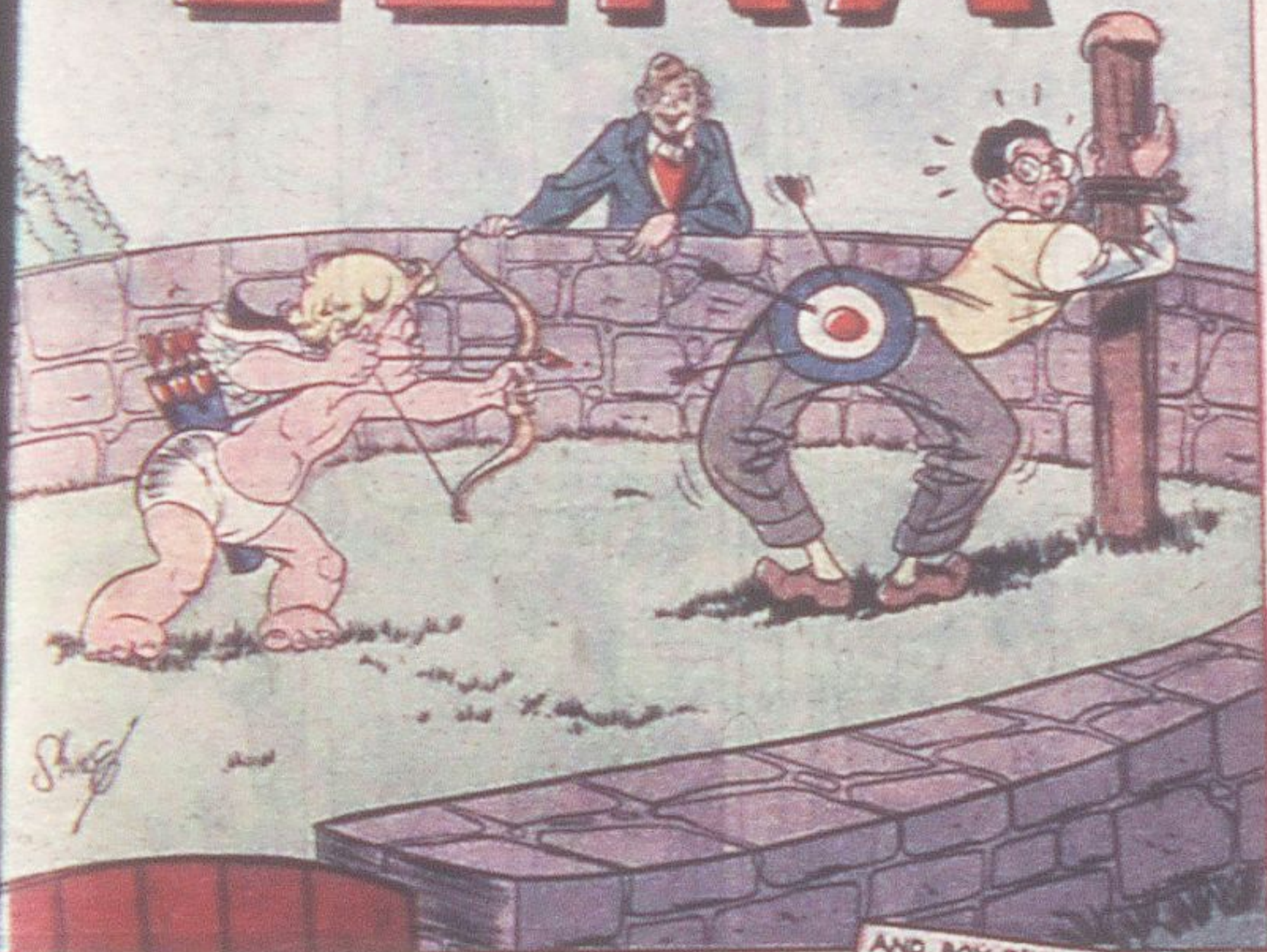
THINK NOTHING OF IT,  
LILY BELLE! BILLY BOY  
IS A VERY REMARKABLE  
PIG!







# EZRA



HEY, EZRA, LET'S BREEZE  
DOWN TO THE SODA SHOP  
AFTER CLASSES AND  
HOIST A CHERRY FIZZ!

OOOF! COUNT ME OUT, ROLLO!  
I FINALLY SIGNED UP MYRNA  
FOR A DATE! I'M TO MEET  
HER AFTER SCHOOL!

AND BOY, I'M GONNA BE A  
CLASS "A" SHOOT GUY, TOO!  
DEAN DILSBURY HAS BEEN  
GIVING ME SOME TOUGH  
COMPETITION LATELY, BUT...





WELL, GOOD LUCK, PALLY! AND, SPEAKING OF DILSBURY, THAT CREEP OUGHTA BE SOLD FOR SCRAP!

ULP! DIG YOU LATER, ROLLO!

SOUNDS LIKE YOU JOKERS HAVE BEEN RAKING ME OVER THE COALS! WHAT'S A MATTER JEALOUS?

UH...UM... SO IT'S OLD NOSE-FOR-NEWS HIM-SELF, EH! WELL, LISTEN TO THIS LITTLE TIDBIT...

EZRA'S CUTTING YOU OUT TODAY, CHUMLY! HE'S GOT A DATE WITH MYRNA! IT LOOKS LIKE YOUR ROMEO APPROACH HASN'T GONE OVER TOO WELL AFTER ALL! HA HA!



I THOUGHT I CONVINCED MYRNA THAT EZRA WAS A PHONY! I'LL START A CAMPAIGN THIS TIME THAT'LL FREEZE HIM OUT PERMANENTLY!

AH, THERE'S THE ANSWER!

HI, LOIS! CAN I SEE YOU FOR A MINUTE?

AND JUST BECAUSE MYRNA WON THE CLASS ELECTION SHE THINKS SHE'S CLEVER!

HUH? OH, HELLOOOO, DEAN!



I'VE GOT A GREAT IDEA, LOIS, AND...

YOU HAVE? WHAT IS IT? TEE, HEE!

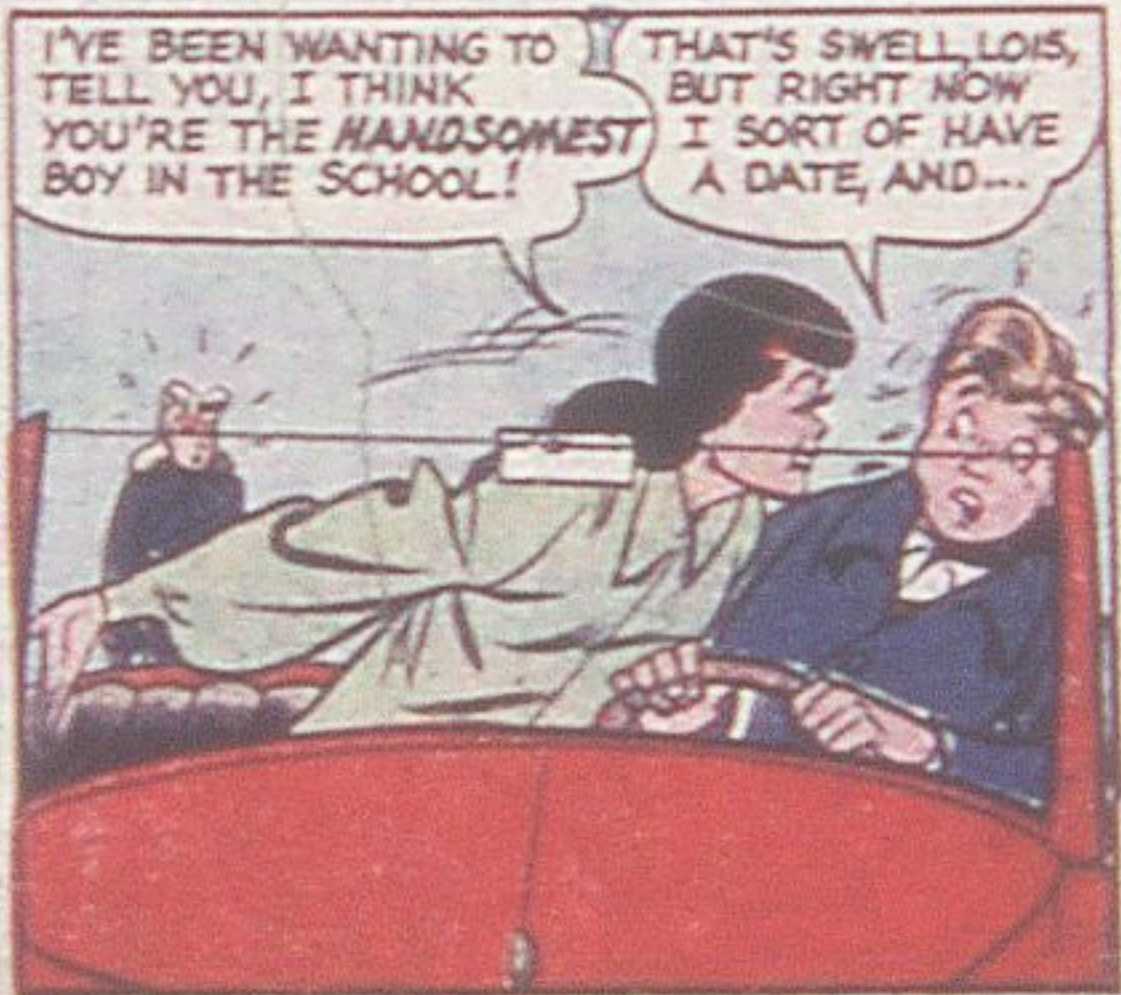
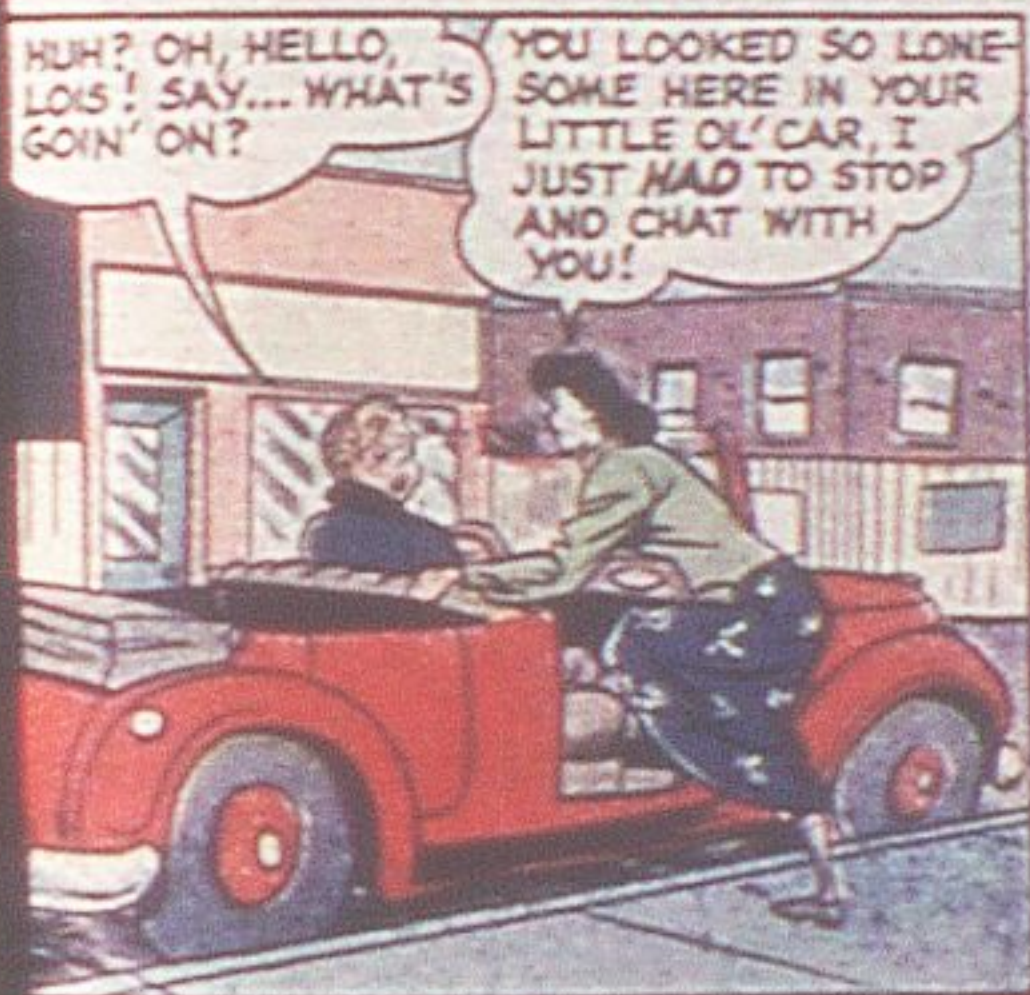
IT'S JUST THIS...

WHY SHOULD I PLAY UP TO EZRA INSTEAD OF TO YOU... ER, WELL WHY SHOULD I?

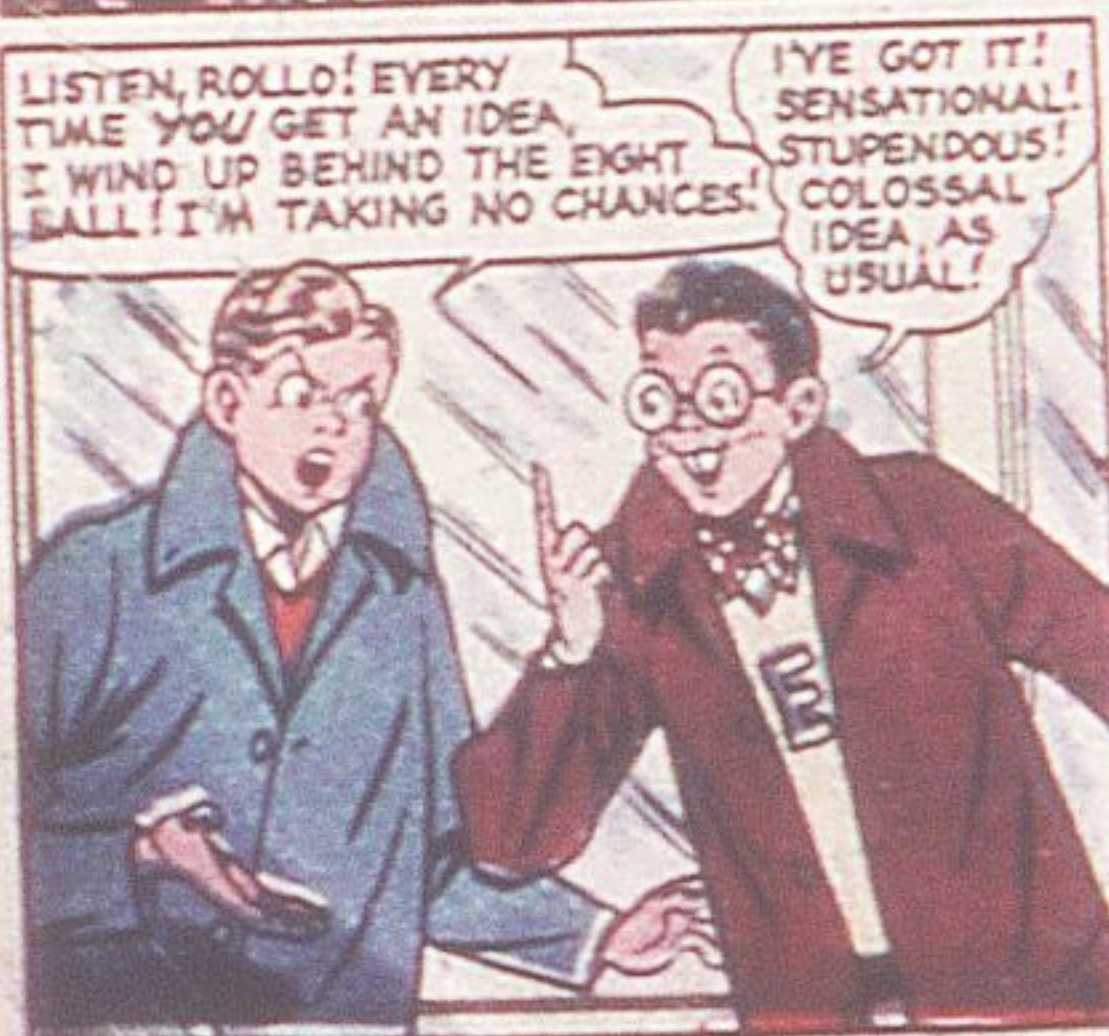
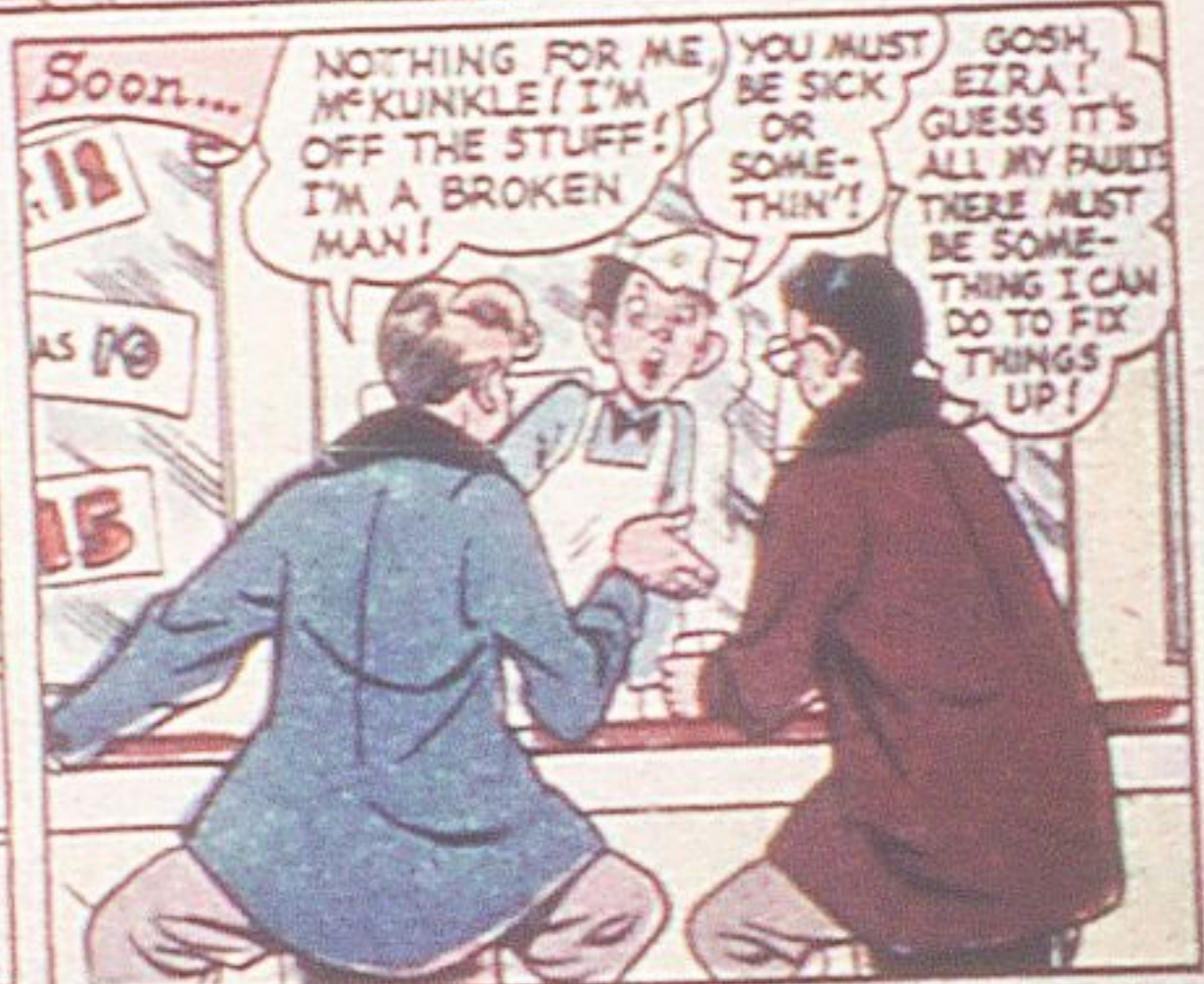
YOU WANT TO GET EVEN WITH MYRNA FOR BEATING YOU OUT ON THE ELECTION, DON'T YOU? AND I'LL BE SURE TO SEE YOU LATER...







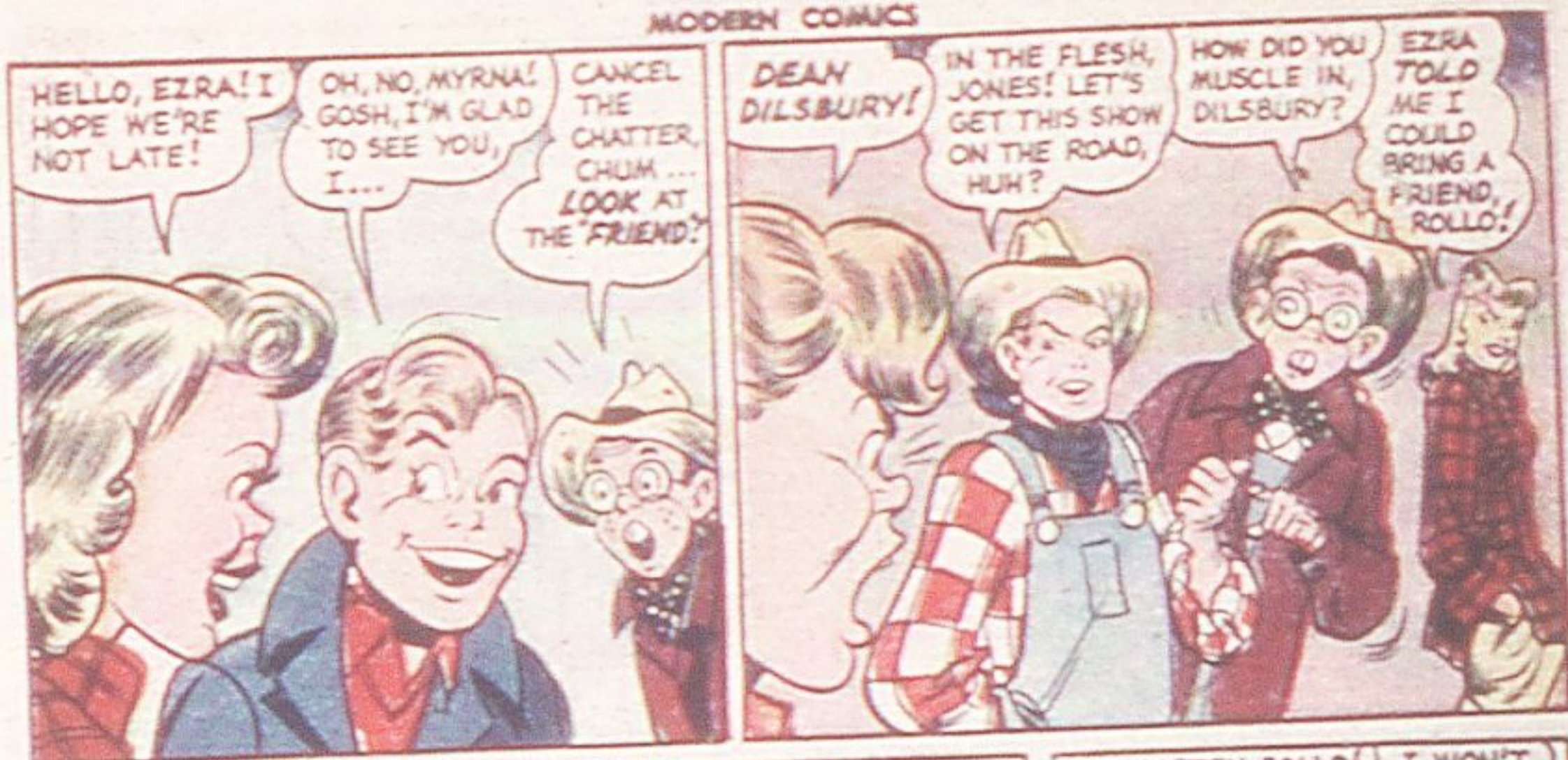














WHY, OF COURSE I  
FORGIVE YOU, DEAN  
DEAR! I'LL BE THERE  
IN A FLASH!



YOU'RE LOOKIN' SIT  
MIGHTY PROUD, TIGHT  
PARTNER! I  
HOPE YOU  
HAVEN'T  
STARTED  
ANOTHER  
PLOT!



A few minutes later...

HERE I AM,  
DEAN DARLING!

HUH?

WELL!  
WHAT'S  
THIS?



WIDN'T YOU KNOW THAT  
DEAN ASKED ME TO  
COME HERE ESPECIALLY  
TO SQUARE OUR  
ROMANCE, MYRNA  
MOORE?

WHAT?

NOW  
WAIT A  
MINUTE!



I DON'T KNOW WHY I  
EVER TRUSTED YOU, DEAN  
DILSBURY... THE WAY YOU  
LIED ABOUT EZRA AND  
EVERYTHING ELSE! THIS  
IS THE END!

LET'S GET  
OUT OF  
HERE,  
DARLING!

YIPPEEE!



JUST A TOUCH OF  
THE GRANT  
GENIUS, BOY!



BUT I GUESS A GENIUS PAYS THE  
PRICE OF SOLITUDE! HERE I GET  
EZRA FIXED UP AND I DON'T EVEN  
THINK OF MYSELF! THAT ANGLE'S  
GOT ME STUMPED! WOTTA HAYRIDE...  
I MEAN, SLEIGH RIDE FOR NOBLE  
ROLLO!





# ADVENTURE

WHEN Blackhawk and his companions stepped from the plane that had brought them to the Manila airport from Calcutta that day, a young U S Army lieutenant stepped stiffly up to them, a squad of riflemen at his back.

"You men are the Blackhawks?" he asked crisply.

"Yes, Lieutenant," Blackhawk himself answered the query.

"Then you are under Military arrest!" snapped the lieutenant. He wheeled to the corporal in charge of the squad. "Put these men in irons, Corporal," he ordered, "and load them into the prison van."

Consternation showed on the faces of the new arrivals. As one of the men stepped up to Blackhawk and snapped a pair of steel handcuffs onto his wrists, the leader of the famous band of adventurers lifted his head and stared into the unwavering eyes of the officer. "By whose orders is this being done?" Blackhawk asked tersely.

The lieutenant ignored the question and snapped another command at his corporal.

The prisoners were lined up and marched to a truck at the edge of the field. They were seated in the rear, with the Lieutenant and two enlisted men acting as guards, and the truck was off.

As the truck approached the gate that led to the highway outside, the lieutenant looked at Blackhawk and said abruptly, "There's a man loafing by the gate. As we go through it, take a good look at him. And no questions, please. I have orders not to talk."

Blackhawk did look, and saw a small man with a sly face and a two-day growth of beard. Blackhawk then turned his eyes back to the lieutenant, but seeing that the man had his face averted, he shrugged and settled back on the seat.

In a little while the truck pulled into a narrow alley and stopped. The prisoners were marched into a nondescript house and left in a dim room. A man dressed in a colonel's uniform sat behind a desk in the room. He was smiling.

"How are you, Blackhawk?" asked the colonel.

It took a moment for Blackhawk to recognize the colonel. Then he took a quick step forward and exclaimed in surprise, "Colonel Swan!"

A great light began to break over the whole mysterious matter. "So, you're the one behind this business. I might have known it!"

The colonel chuckled and shot a glance out from under bushy eyebrows at the lieutenant who had followed Blackhawk and his crew into the room. "Take the handcuffs off these men, Lieutenant Flanders," he ordered. "We can all relax now."

While the cuffs were being removed, the colonel explained. "You remember the man Lieutenant Flanders told you to observe, Blackhawk?"

Blackhawk nodded.

"Your arrest and subsequent treatment as dangerous criminals was for his benefit," said the colonel. "The man's name," continued Colonel Swan, "is Jay Noon. He is employed by a character called Nicholas Dimitri, who is suspected of having co-operated with the late Japanese Army of occupation and of amassing a considerable fortune thereby. Dimitri is under investigation by the joint staffs of the Philippine and American intelligence units. But so far, we've been unable to uncover the slightest evidence that he was working with the Japs."

The colonel paused a moment and then went on quietly. "That's where you come in," he said. "Dimitri's getting nervous. He's afraid of the investigation and wants to leave the country with his cash and, we suspect, certain papers. That's why Jay Noon's been haunting the airport. He's been trying to find someone that would fly his boss out of the country. Catch?"

"Yes," replied Blackhawk. "You want us to let Noon proposition us to fly his boss out. You figure that will flush Dimitri's cash and papers out into the open. Your agents will then meet us at our destination, confiscate the loot and the papers, and arrest Dimitri."

"Right!" said the colonel. "We're sure those papers of his are the evidence we need to convict Dimitri of collaboration with the enemy. We'll release a statement to the press that you boys are suspected of being smugglers, but have been released for lack of evidence. I'm positive Dimitri will bite."

"Well, Colonel Swan," said Blackhawk, smiling at the eager faces of his crew, "you know what our answer is. We'll co-operate!"

It was two o'clock in the morning. Flood lights made the Landing strip of the Manila air-



port look like a stream of glowing, molten metal. Blackhawk fed the roaring motors more gas. The plane rolled down the runway towards the night sky at the far end of the field. The tail lifted, then the rolling wheels, and they were off the ground and away on the long flight to Honolulu.

Blackhawk set the controls and glanced back over his shoulder at the crew and the passenger they had taken aboard a few minutes before leaving the airport. "Everything is satisfactory?" he asked, trying to keep the distaste he felt for the man out of his intonation.

"Yes," replied Nicholas Dimitri, easing his bulky body back in his seat by the window, and taking a firmer hold on the bulging briefcase that lay on his lap. "Yes, indeed," he repeated. Suddenly he pulled a heavy automatic pistol out of his pocket, levelled it at Blackhawk and the crew. "Very satisfactory," he sneered.

Olaf, the Swede, started to rise from his seat, his pale eyes glinting dangerously. "I ban tear you in two," he said gutturally.

"Sit down!" grunted Dimitri. "Sit down, or I will blow off your thick head."

As Olaf sat down, warned by a look from Blackhawk, the fat man turned his head towards the tail of the plane. "Jay!" he called. "Come out and give me a hand with these fools."

The door of the cargo compartment opened, and Jay Noon came out, a grin on his lips and a ugly looking sub-machine gun in his hands. He swung the gun around to cover the Blackhawks and said derisively, "Surprised, huh?"

"Could be," replied Blackhawk, "but what's this all about? When you contacted us back in Manila last night, we made a deal to fly Dimitri to the U. S. Nobody said anything about keeping us under guard."

Dimitri's throaty voice broke in. "That is quite true," he said, "and were you truly smugglers as you claimed, this wouldn't have happened. But," he shrugged his shoulders in an attitude of resignation, "you are not! No, you are the Blackhawks. And you are working for the U. S. Military Intelligence with the sole purpose of trapping me. But," and Dimitri shrugged his shoulders again, "I have trapped you instead."

"So?" jeered Chuck from his seat next to

Stanislaus. "What do we do now, Dance?"

"No," snapped the fat man, "You will fly us to the island of Palawan. You will land at a certain inlet which I shall point out. The spot is remote and very, very private. We will kill you there and take the plane. Jay will fly it to a point on the coast of California, and there we will destroy it and lose ourselves in one of your great American cities. Neither you or the plane will ever be found. Presently the authorities will presume it was lost at sea."

"I see," replied Blackhawk thoughtfully. "Knowing you also were aboard, the authorities will think you, too, were lost. A very clever plan, my fat traitor, but—" and here Blackhawk shot a quick glance at little Chop Chop, who, while attention was diverted away from him, had climbed into the baggage rack overhead—"I don't think it will work."

"You fool," boasted Dimitri hoarsely. "I—" He broke off in mid-sentence as Chop Chop landed on his fat shoulders from the rack overhead. He clawed frantically at the little Chinese.

At the same moment, the big Swede, Olaf, hurled a coiled safety belt at Jay Noon. It slapped the little gunman across the mouth and threw him off guard for a moment. Before he could recover, Stanislaus, the Pole, had rushed him and knocked the sub-machine gun from his hands. Noon took one look at the towering Pole and slipped to the floor in a dead faint.

Meanwhile, Chop Chop and Chuck had disarmed the fat man, while Andre danced around on the edges of the fray, excitedly egging his companions on.

A few minutes later, Dimitri and Jay Noon were lying in the aisle of the plane, trussed hand and foot. Andre and Chuck, meanwhile, examined the contents of the briefcase.

Inside it was nearly a half-million U. S. dollars and a small packet of important looking papers.

"Holy smokes!" exclaimed Chuck as he pawed his way through them. "These papers are records of cash transactions between Dimitri and the Japanese Army Commander. That's good, eh?"

"Good enough," replied Blackhawk as he swung the nose of the plane back towards Manila, "to send Nicholas Dimitri to prison for the rest of his unnatural life."



# CHOO CHOO

GOSH, CHERRY...  
I'M AN ACTRESS  
AT LAST! NOW I  
KNOW WHAT IT  
FEELS LIKE TO  
HAVE THE  
WORLD IN  
THE PALM  
OF MY HAND!

ULP! THESE  
PALMY DAYS WON'T  
LAST FOR LONG!



CHERRY, I'M FINALLY  
IN THE MOVIES! ISN'T  
IT WONDERFUL!

AH,  
WE LIVE  
AGAIN!

WELL, DO SOME-  
THING...DON'T  
JUST LIE  
THERE!

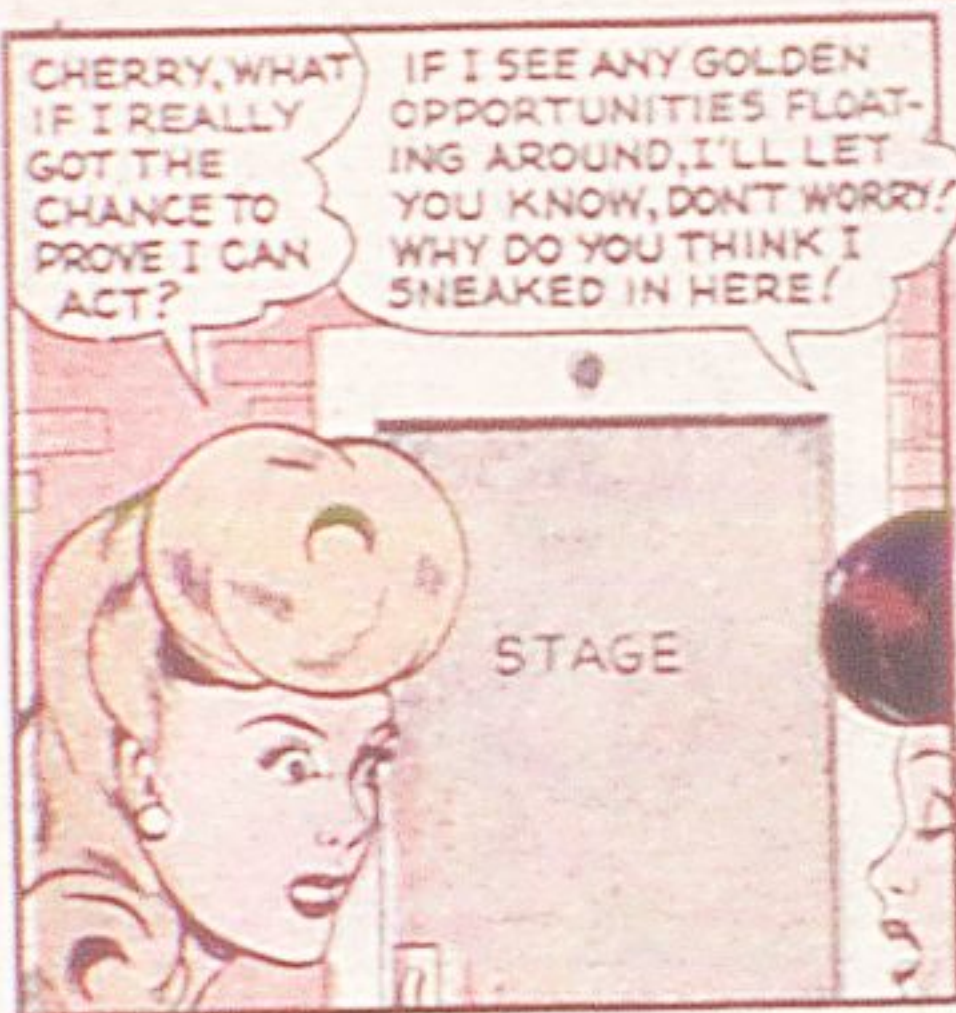
I CAN'T! I'M  
TRANSPORTED AT  
THE THOUGHT  
THAT MAYBE WE  
CAN PAY A BILL  
ON TIME FOR  
A CHANGE...











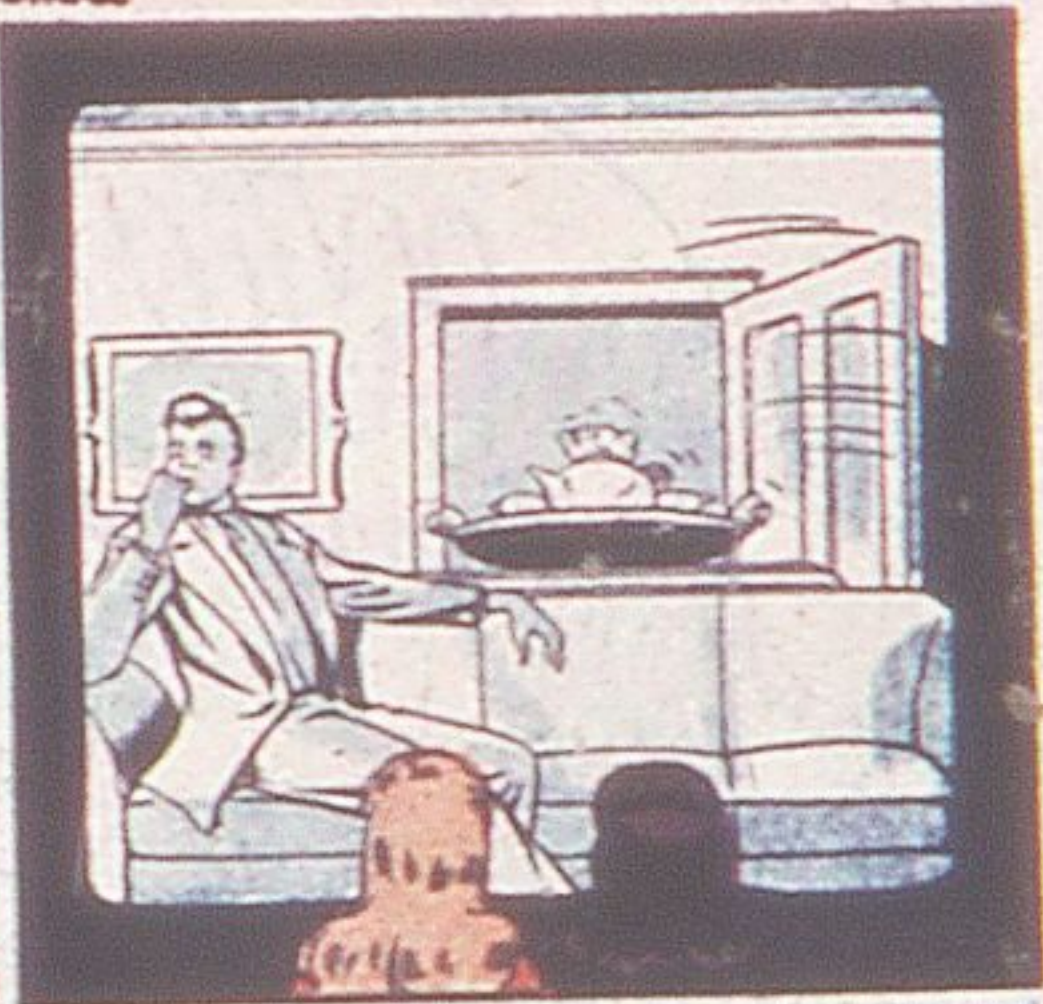
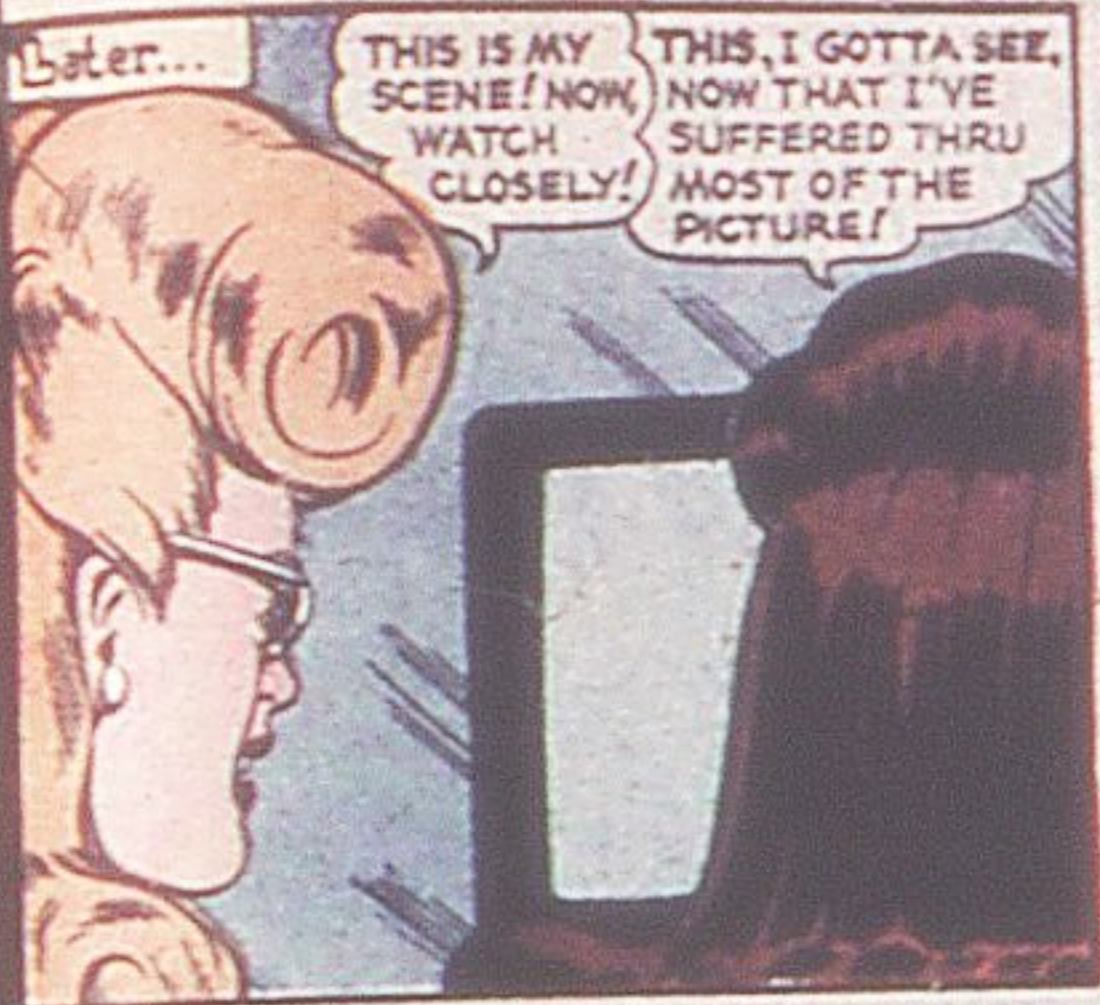














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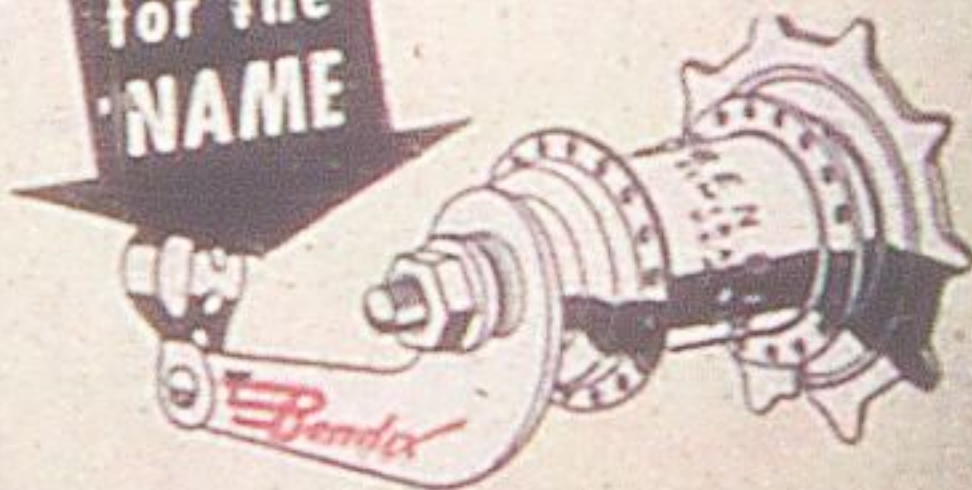


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VETERANS  
GET THIS  
TRAINING  
UNDER  
G. I. BILL

## I TRAINED THESE MEN

### Has Own Radio Business

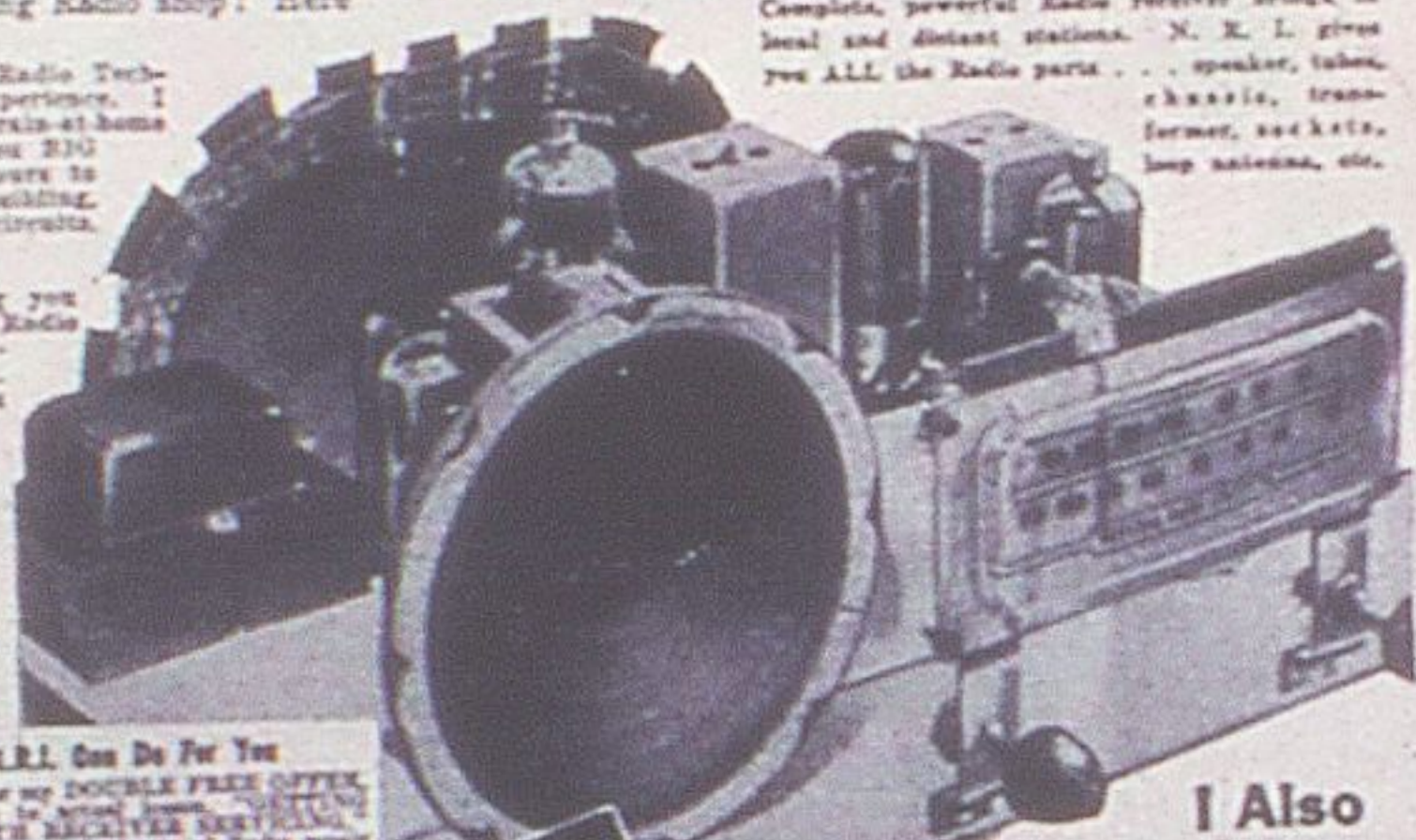
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